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A Book for Boys and Girls.

A

OCT 26 1937

Book for Boys and Girls;

OR,

Country Rhymes for Children.

BY

JOHN BUNYAN.

BEING

*A FACSIMILE OF THE UNIQUE FIRST EDITION,
PUBLISHED IN 1686, DEPOSITED IN THE
BRITISH MUSEUM.*

WITH AN INTRODUCTION, GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE WORK,
BY REV. JOHN BROWN, D.D., AUTHOR OF "JOHN
BUNYAN : HIS LIFE, TIMES, AND WORK."

NEW YORK :

A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON,

714 BROADWAY.

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN Mr. Offor published his complete edition of Bunyan's Works in 1862, he, of course, included in the collection the little book issued in Bunyan's name, and long known under the title of "Divine Emblems." At the same time he said in the preface that a mystery hung over this little work which many years' diligent research had not enabled him to solve. For in the two lists of Bunyan's Works made by Charles Doe in 1692 and 1698, there is no mention made of any book bearing the title referred to, nor is there any such title to be found in the many advertisements of his works issued by Bunyan's own publishers. Some clue to the mystery seemed to be offered in the fact that a work with a different title, but

identical with the "Divine Emblems" in other respects, was published in 1701 as "A Book for Boys and Girls; or, Temporal Things Spiritualized," by John Bunyan. The natural conclusion was that this was the same work as the one numbered thirty-seven in Charles Doe's list of 1698, and described as "A Book for Boys and Girls; or, Country Rhymes for Children in Verse on Seventy-four Things;" and, in the list of 1692, as "Meditations on Seventy-four Things." Under one or other of these two titles also the book was advertised as Bunyan's, both by Nathaniel Ponder and Dorman Newman—the one the publisher of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and the other of the "Holy War." That Bunyan had published some book of the kind there could therefore be no doubt, but here came the difficulty: the "Divine Emblems" contained only forty-nine similes, whereas, as we have seen, the original work was described as "Meditations on Seventy-four Things." How did the seventy-four turn out to be only forty-nine? Mr. Ofor made the ingenious suggestion that in the later work

two emblems had in some instances been run together into one. For example, the first emblem in the later edition contains meditations on two things—the Barren Fig-tree and God's Vineyard; and the second has a meditation on the Lark and the Fowler, and also a comparison between the Fowler and Satan. It may be, Mr. Offor suggested, that these two emblems were in this way originally four, and so with others; and upon this plan the volume contained exactly seventy-four meditations.

This was ingenious, but not satisfactory; and the real truth could only be arrived at when a copy of the original work, as Bunyan sent it forth in 1686, should happen to turn up. There seemed but faint hope of this, however, for though the book has gone through many editions, it has, ever since 1701, been published only in the shortened form in which we have been so long familiar with it; all through the eighteenth century, therefore, no copy of the original seems to have been within reach of any of the publishers. Moreover Mr. Offor, one of the most indefatigable

of collectors, had, as he tells us, made most diligent inquiry for this first edition both in the United Kingdom and in America, but all in vain.

And now, thirty years after his long and fruitless search, when no one was thinking very much about the missing book, it has, within the last few months, unexpectedly turned up, and is here presented to the reader in *facsimile*. Its history, so far as we can arrive thereat, is curious and interesting. It appears originally to have belonged to the well-known seventeenth-century diarist, Narcissus Luttrell, who bought it for sixpence, the price at which it was first issued, on May 12, 1686. In the Luttrell Collection, now in the British Museum, there is a broadside of Bunyan's entitled "A Caution to Stir up to Watch against Sin." On this sheet Narcissus Luttrell has written the price, one penny, and the date of purchase, "8 Aprill, 1684." In like manner, on the title-page of this newly-acquired copy of "A Book for Boys and Girls," there is recorded the price and date of purchase, the record both on broadside and

title-page being evidently in the same handwriting, the style being the same, and a marked peculiarity about the letter "d" occurring in both cases. The broadside in question seems to have passed from its first purchaser, Luttrell, to the Duke of Buckingham, forming part of the Stowe Collection, and it is not improbable that the book before us went with it at the same time to the same destination. Here in the dignified repose common to ducal libraries, these "Country Rhymes" probably remained undisturbed all through the eighteenth century, and on into the nineteenth; and on the breaking up of the great collection of which it formed part, it seems to have found its way back again into the hands of the trade. What happened to it in the interval we have no means of knowing; all that we do know with certainty is that some six or seven years ago it was purchased for forty guineas from a London bookseller by a gentleman from New York, and that a few months ago this gentleman sold part of his valuable collection, which was purchased by Mr. Henry N. Stevens, of Great

Russell Street, among the books thus sold being the one before us. It was shortly after acquired by the authorities of the British Museum ; and thus, after being in two well-known collections, yet dropping out of public knowledge for more than a century and a half, twice crossing the Atlantic and now coming once more to the light, this little work from the pen of the Dreamer has at length found a final resting-place in the great library of the nation.

Looking at the work as we have it now in its complete form, we find that Mr. Offor's suggestion was not the true explanation. There was no running of two similes into one, but the original seventy-four meditations were reduced, in 1701, to forty-nine by simply dropping twenty-five out of the book altogether. Those left out were the Meditations numbered I., II., X., XXIV., XXVII., XXVIII., XXIX., XL., XLVII., XLIX., LI., LIV., LV., LVI., LX., LXII., LXIII., LXIV., LXV., LXVII., LXVIII., LXIX., LXXI., LXXII., LXXIV. Other changes also were introduced. The curious little substitute for a horn-book at the beginning,

entitled "An Help to Children to learn to read English," was taken away, and, consequent upon this, the last twelve lines of the poetical address to the reader also. It is somewhat difficult for us to imagine Bunyan writing out half a dozen different alphabets, giving lists of vowels and consonants, and teaching children to spell the simple words of their own tongue, or to spell aright their own Christian names. Yet here we have the thing before us. It may be that our old friend Nathaniel Ponder, the publisher, made this addition himself by way of meeting the wants of the boys and girls, for whom the book was intended, in days when spelling-books were not so plentiful as they have since become. Still, in the closing lines of the address to the reader, as it originally stood, Bunyan claims this work as his own, and the last three in the list of names of girls—Christiana, Katherine, Frances—are distinctly Bunyanish, the first being the name of his own heroine, and the other two names in his own family. Probably, by way of making up for the removal of so much matter from the beginning and the

body of the work, there was added to it at the end the poem by Bunyan, originally sold as a broadside, and entitled "A Caution to Stir Up to Watch against Sin."

While several of the meditations were taken away entirely, many of those remaining were subjected to considerable revision. The unknown editor of 1701 set about doing for these "Country Rhymes" what Joshua Gilpin, the pious but mistaken Vicar of Wrockwardine, attempted some eighty years ago to do for Bunyan's greater work, the "Pilgrim's Progress." To this worthy vicar it seemed desirable that "the excellent, though illiterate, Bunyan should be made to speak with a little more grammatical precision; that his extreme coarseness should be moderately abated; that he should be rendered less obscure in some passages, less tautological in others, and offensive in none." This attempt to translate Bunyan's racy English into high-sounding Johnsonese ended, as might be expected, in producing a book which no one cared to read, and the popular instinct, sounder than the pedantic, prefers Bunyan in his seven-

teenth-century doublet to Bunyan in eighteenth-century buckram.

Exception may be taken in the same way, though not to the same extent, to the revision of this "Book for Boys and Girls," which took place in 1701. The reader, glancing over two or three of the meditations left out, may be inclined to think that a little of their seventeenth-century naturalism might very well be spared; at the same time, while some changes were perhaps necessary, the changes made were not in every case improvements. For example, Bunyan, speaking of some who think much of the decoration of their houses, and the adornment of their persons, says:

"Meanwhile their soul lies ley has no good in 't."

This expression, "lies ley," which, of course, means to lie fallow, uncultivated, the editor tames down into:

"While their immortal soul has no good in 't."

"Pretty taking notes" is weakened into "pretty tuneful notes." In its original

form, the meditation on the rising of the sun is put thus :

“ The night is gone, the shadows fled away,
And we now most sure are that it is day ;
Our Eyes behold, and our Hearts believe it,
Nor can the wit of man in this deceive it.”

This is shortened to :

“ The night is gone, the shadows fled away,
And now we are most certain that 'tis day.”

The boy spoken of in the forty-sixth meditation was reminded that he must be careful with his watch, and wind it duly :

“ Or else your watch, were it as good again,
Would not with time and tide you entertain.”

This was put more baldly thus :

“ Or else your watch will not exactly go—
'Twill stand or run too fast, or move too slow.”

There are those, Bunyan tells us in the fifty-ninth simile, who give no response even to skilfullest music, and like to these are those who lie

“ Under the Word, without the least advance
Godward : such do despise the Ministry.”

This is spoilt, rather than improved, by being put into this shape :

“ They lie
Under the Word, without the least advance :
Such do despise the Gospel Ministry.”

Passing by these, and other illustrations of doubtful editing, and coming to the book itself, we are impressed anew with the fact that Bunyan was an allegorist, rather than a poet. Yet a poet he aspired to be. “ Man’s heart is apt in metre to delight,” says he in one place, and he indulged himself in this direction to an extent which is not always realized. If all his poetical efforts were brought together, they would, in point of bulk, make a considerable volume. In the very first year of his long imprisonment, he solaced the tedium of Bedford Gaol by sending forth his “ Profitable Meditations,” a work in nine sections, and running into a hundred and eighty-six stanzas. Three years later, in 1664, while still a prisoner, he published his poetical “ Meditations on the Four Last Things,” to which he added, “ Ebal and Gerizzim ; or, The Blessing and the Curse,” the former extending to about

twelve hundred lines, and the latter to eight hundred. A year later he sent forth his "Prison Meditations" in seventy stanzas, in which occur the well-known lines :

" For though men keep my outward man
Within their locks and bars,
Yet by the faith of Christ I can
Mount higher than the stars."

There are weighty reasons for not accepting the work known as "Scriptural Poems," and usually attributed to Bunyan, as genuine. But passing by these, for something like twenty years after the appearance of his early prison books, his only attempts in the direction of poetry were confined to seven stanzas inserted in the work known as "The Greatness of the Soul"; the broadside issued in 1684, entitled "A Caution to Stir Up to Watch against Sin"; the poetical introductions to the first and second parts of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and to the "Holy War," and the verses inserted here and there in the "Pilgrim," and including the Shepherd Boy's Song, and the charming lyric beginning,

“ Who would true valour see
Let him come hither ;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather.”

In the last year of his life, 1688, Bunyan sent forth what in point of length may be regarded as his most considerable poetical venture, the work entitled “ A Discourse of the Building, Nature, Excellency, and Government of the House of God.” This extended to nearly fourteen hundred lines, and is a kind of development of the idea of the Palace Beautiful of his Pilgrim story.

The “ Book for Boys and Girls ” now before us preceded this later work by about two years, being published in 1686. In a characteristic preface he tells his readers that this little book of his is meant for boys and girls, slyly adding that he means those of all ages and of all sorts and degrees ; for often our bearded men do act like beardless boys ; our women please themselves with childish toys. To do good to these juveniles of all ages, he will come down to meet them :

“ Good reader that I save them may,
I now with them the very Dotteril play.

And since at Gravity they make a Tush,
 My very Beard I cast behind the Bush.
 And like a Fool stand fing'ring of their Toys ;
 And all to show them they are Girls and Boys."

He could, he says, were he so pleased, use higher strains, but what would be the practical good of that? The arrow gone out of sight awakes not the sleeper. To shoot too high may set mere children on the upward gaze ; but it is that which hits a man doth him amaze. Paul played the fool sometimes, that he might the better catch those that were fools indeed ; and he himself will not hesitate to follow so good an example.

In some of these meditations he recurs to similes he has already set forth in earlier works. The thirty-third, for example, "The Barren Fig-tree," was the subject of one of his most searching treatises, published some four years earlier, and in which he had shown that the cumber-ground must to the wood-pile, and thence to the fire. The longest in the series, that on "The Sinner and the Spider," had more than once occupied his thoughts before. In a book of his published in 1675, and entitled "Light for Them that

Sit in Darkness," he shows that the soul in temptation is like a fly in a spider's web: "The fly is entangled in the web; at this the spider shows himself; if the fly stir again, down comes the spider to her and claps a foot upon her; if yet the fly makes a noise, then with poisoned mouth the spider lays hold upon her; if the fly struggle still, then he poisons her more and more. What shall the fly do now?" In the second part of his "Pilgrim" also the same illustration, with a different application, comes back to him, when Interpreter shows Christiana and her companions a very great spider on the wall, and they have edifying discourse thereupon.

Passing to some of the other meditations contained in the book, we feel how aptly Bunyan has been described as a religious *Æsop*, with a fable for everything. His imagination was ever with him the dominant faculty, and here, as elsewhere in his works, it plays with all sorts of fancies, but always with serious purpose. Great truths are shown to be nestling for us under leaves of simplest circumstance—

"The swan on still Saint Mary's lake,
Floats double, Swan and Shadow."

Similes are seen everywhere. The sky with its ever-varying phenomena ; human life with its frailties and pathos, its follies and sublimities ; the birds and beasts with their suggestive relations to each other and to man ; natural objects, with their power of throwing light upon the supernatural ; all come and go in these pages, leaving lessons to make us wiser. Alexander Smith, the Glasgow poet, said of the book : " Bunyan's muse is clad in russet, wears shoes and stockings, has a country accent, and walks along the level Bedfordshire roads. But if as a poet he is homely and idiomatic, he is always natural, straightforward, and sincere. His lines are unpolished, but they have pith and sinew, like the talk of a shrewd peasant. There are here also many touches of pure poetry, showing that in his mind there was a vein of silver which, under favourable circumstances, might have been worked to rich issues ; and everywhere there is an admirable homely pregnancy and fulness of meaning."

In the complete book, as we now have it, there are one or two additional medi-

tations which have a sort of autobiographic interest. The child awakened from his dream (No. II.) utters this lamentation :

“ I have in sin abounded,
My heart therewith is wounded,
With fears I am surrounded,
My Spirit is confounded.”

We recall, as we read this, that Bunyan tells us how, because of his sins, “ the Lord, even in my childhood, did scare and affright me with fearful dreams, and did terrify me with dreadful visions.” The meditation upon a ring of bells (No. XXIX.) also seems to take us back to Elstow steeple and the old days when he so dearly loved to join the ringers. The comparisons are vivid throughout. His body is the steeple, where the bells, the powers of his soul, do hang ; the clappers are the passions of his mind ; while the ropes are the promises, and God-given graces the ringers :

“ Let not my Bells these Ringers want, nor
Ropes ;
Yea, let them have room for to swing and
sway.”

He had seen village lads steal into Elstow steeple, and make jangle with the bells ; so did the lusts of his body sometimes into the belfry go :

“ Then, Lord, I pray thee keep my Belfry Key,
Let none but Graces meddle with these Ropes.”

We have now also, for the first time, curiously enough, staves of music given to which two of the Meditations (XXXI. and XXXIV.) were evidently to be sung. The clef in both cases is obsolete now, being printed in the shape in which it is found in Christopher Simpson’s “ Compendium of Practical Musick,” 1678. This is a sort of middle term between the form given in 1653, by Henry Lawes, in his “ Ayres and Dialogues for one, two, and three voyces,” and that found in Playford’s Psalms of 1697. The printing of this music, as will be seen, is rather rudely executed, and in the first of the two melodies given there appear to be two notes left out. We have also for the first time in this edition a rhyming version of the Apostles’ Creed (No. X.), possibly another reminiscence of Elstow Church and his earlier days.

The rest of the twenty-five meditations

now restored to us have very much the same character as those with which we have been long familiar. The fatted swine being made ready for the butcher's stall reminds him of the gross overfed men of the world ripening for judgement; the postboy hurrying along and allowing none to give him stop or stay is suggestive of the zeal of the true pilgrim on his way heavenward; the boy with his paper of plums, which he counts so much better than bread, like Passion in the "Pilgrim," soon spends his delights and comes back by-and-by with nought but paper and thread; the brave weathercock faces the wind, blow from what quarter it may, so should the Christian face Antichrist in each disguise; finally, the horse that starts and snorts at sound of drum is like those Christian professors who cannot face trials and persecutions for their faith. Others there are of firmer soul, of whom Bunyan himself was one, who from the drum will neither start nor flee,

"Let Drummers beat the charge or what they will,

They'll nose them, face them, keep their places still."

We may now close this foreword with a brief reference to some of the editions through which this book has passed since its first appearance. Published in 1686, it was never reprinted in Bunyan's lifetime. In 1701 it reappeared with all the changes to which reference has been made. The title-page then ran as follows: "A Book for Boys and Girls; or, Temporal Things Spiritualized. By John Bunyan. Licensed and entered according to Order. London: Printed for, and sold by, R. Tookey, at his Printing House, in St. Christopher's Court, in Threadneedle Street, behind the Royal Exchange, 1701." Of this second edition the only known copy existing is in the Bodleian Library. There were no illustrations to the book till 1707, when the third edition appeared, which, according to an advertisement of the period, was "ornamented with cuts." The earliest copy now in existence, next to the second, is one of the ninth edition, which appeared in 1724, and bore, for the first time, the title which the book has ever since retained: "Divine Emblems; or, Temporal Things Spiritualized." This was "adorned

with cuts suitable to every subject." Suitable they might be, but fearsome to see they certainly were. In 1757 a tenth edition was published by E. Dilly, at the Rose and Crown, in the Poultry. This was embellished with a new set of engravings, executed in better style. The costumes depicted, as might be expected, were those of the early Georgian period, the ladies standing out with hooped petticoats and high head-dresses, and the men with cocked hats and queues. These engravings were again and again repeated, and were reproduced in good style a few years ago by Bickers and Son, in an edition containing a preface by Alexander Smith. This edition of 1757 had a curious preface signed "J. D.," and "addressed to the Great Boys in Folio and the Little Ones in Coats." What this preface had to do with the book it is somewhat difficult to see, inasmuch as it is mainly concerned with showing "that Language came originally by Revelation of God, and not by Chance, nor invented by Artifice." About 1790 a very pretty edition of the "Divine Emblems" was issued, "En-

graved, printed, and sold by T. Bennett, of Plough Court, Fetter Lane." It was in square 16mo., and was remarkable not merely for the excellence of its illustrations, but also for the unusual circumstance that not merely these, but the entire book, from the title-page to the end, was engraved and printed from copper plates. The only known copy of this edition is now before the present writer, having been saved from the ruin of Mr. Offor's collection, the pages being complete, but the back and binding entirely burnt away. A handsome edition, with superior illustrations, was also edited by W. Mason, and published by Alexander Hogg, in 1780. Other editions were issued in London in 1790 and 1793 by C. Dilly, and in 1802 by J. Mawman, in the Poultry; and in Coventry by M. Luckman (N. D.) and N. Merridew, 1806, but they do not call for special remark.



A
B O O K
F O R
B O Y S
A N D
G I R L S:
O R,
Country Rhimes
F O R
Children.

By J. B.

Licensed and Entred according to Order.

LONDON, Printed for N. P. and Sold by the
Bookfellers in London 1686.

TO THE R E A D E R

Courteous Reader,

The Title-page will shew, if there thou look,
Who are the proper Subjects of this Book.
They'r Boys and Girls of all Sorts and Degrees,
From those of Age, to Children on the Knees.
Thus comprehensive am I in my Notions;
They tempt me to it by their childish Motions.
We now have Boys with Beards, and Girls that be
Big as old Women, wanting Gravity.

Then do not blame me, 'cause I thus describe them;
Flatter I may not, lest thereby I bribe them
To have a better Judgment of themselves,
Than wise men have of Babies on their Shelves.
Their antick Tricks, fantastick Modes, and way,
Shew they like very Boys, and Girls, do play
With all the frantick Fopp'ries of this Age;
And that in open view, as on a Stage;
Our Bearded men, do act like Beardless Boys;
Our Women please themselves with childish Toys.

Our Ministers, long time by Word and Pen,
Dealt with them, counting them, not Boys but Men:
Thunder-bolts they shot at them, and their Toys:
But hit them not, 'cause they were Girls and Boys.

T

The better Charge, the wider still they shor,
Or else so high, these Dwarfs they touch'd not
Instead of Men, they found them Girls and Boys,
Addict to nothing as to childish Toys

Wherefore good Reader, that I save them may,
I now with them, the very Dottril play.

And since at Gravity they make a Tush,
My very Beard I cast behind the Bush.
And like a Fool stand fing'ring of their Toys ;
And all to shew them, they are Girls and Boys.

Nor do I blush, although I think some may
Call me a Baby, 'cause I with them play :
I do't to shew them how each Fingle-fangle,
On which they doting are, their Soals entangle,
As with a Web, a Trap, a Ginn, or Snare .
And will destroy them, have they not a Care,

Paul seem'd to play the Fool, that he might gain
Those that were Fools indeed, if not in Grain.
And did it by their things, that they might know
Their emptiness, and might be brought unto
What would them save from Sin and Vanity.
A Noble Act, and full of Honesty.

Yet he, nor I would like them be in Vice,
While by their Play-things, I would them entice,
To mount their Thoughts from what are childish Toys,
To Heav'n, for that's prepar'd for Girls and Boys.
Nor do I so confine my self to these,
As to shun graver things, I seek to please,
Those more compos'd with better things than Toys :
Tho thus I would be catching Girls and Boys.

Wherefore if Men have now a mind to look;
Perhaps their Graver Fancies may be took
With what is here; tho' but in Homely Rhimes;
But he, who pleases all, must rise betimes.
Some, I perswade me, will be finding Fault,
Concluding, here I trip, and there I halt,
No doubt some could these groveling Notions raise
By fine-spun Terms that challenge might the Bays.
But should all men be fore't to lay aside
Their Brains, that cannot regulate the Tide
By this or that man's Fancy, we should have
The Wise, unto the Fool, become a Slave
What tho' my Text seems mean, my Morals be
Grave, as if fetcht from a Sublimer Tree.

And if some better handle can a Fly,
Then some a Text, why should we them deny
Their making Proof, or good Experiment,
Of smallest things great mischiefs to prevent?

Wise Solomon did Fools to Piss-ants send,
To learn true Wisdom, and their Lives to mend.
Tee, God by Swallows, Cuckoos, and the As;,
Shews they are Fools who let that season pass,
Which he put in their hand, that to obtain
Which is both present, and Eternal Gain.

I think the wiser sort my Rhimes may slight
But what care I! The foolish will delight
To read them. and the Foolish, God has chose.
And doth by Foolish Things, their minds compose,
And settle upon that which is Divine:
Great Things, by little ones, are made to shine.

*I could, were I so pleas'd, use higher Strains.
And for Applause, on Tenters stretch my Brains,
But what needs that? The Arrow out of Sight,
Does not the Sleeper, nor the Watchman fright.
To shoot too high doth but make Children gaze,
Tis that which hits the man, doth him amaze.*

*And for the Inconsiderableness
Of things, by which I do my mind express;
May I by them bring some good thing to pass,
As Sampson, with the Jaw-bone of an Ass;
Or as Brave Shamgar with his Ox's Goad,
(Both things not manly, nor for War in Mode
I have my end, tho I my self expose
To scorn; God will have Glory in the close.*

*Thus much for artificial Babes; and now
To those who are in years but such, I bow*

*My Pen to teach them what the Letters be,
And how they may improve their A, B, C.
Nor let my pretty Children them despise;
All, needs must there begin, that wou'd be wise*

*Nor let them fall under Discouragement,
Who at their Horn-book stick, and time hath spent
Upon that A, B, C. while others do
Into their Primer, or their Psalter go.*

*Some Boys with difficulty do begin,
Who in the end, the Bays, and Laurel win.*

J. B.

An

An help to Chil-dren to learn to read Eng-lish.

In or-der to the at-tain-ing of which, they must first be taught the Let-ters, which be these that fol low,

A B C D E F G H I K L M N O P Q R S T V W X Y Z.

a b c d e f g h i k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z.
A B C D E F G H I K L M N O P Q R S T V W X Y Z.

a b c d e f g h i k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z
A B C D E F G H I K L M N O P Q R S T V W X Y Z

The Vowels are these, a, e, i, o, u.

As there are vow-els, so are there Con-so-nants, and they are these.

b c d f g h k l m n p q r s t v w x y z.

There are also dou-ble Let-ters, and they are these.

ct ff si ffi fl fi ffi ft sh.

As-ter these are known, then set your Child to spel-ling, Thus T-o, to. T-h-e, the, O-r, or, I f, if I-n, in, M e, me, y-o-u, you; f-i-n-d, find, S-i-n, sin: In C-h-r-i-s-t, Christ, i-s, is, R-i-g-h-t-e-o-u-s-ness, Right-te-ous-ness.

And ob-serve that e-very word or syl-la-ble (tho never so small) must have one vow-el or more right-ly pla ced in it.

For instances, These are no words nor Syl-la-bles, be cause they have no vow-els in them, name-ly, fl, gld, flrught, spill, drill, fill.

Words made of two Letters are these, and such-like, If, it, is, so, do, we, see, he, is, in, my.

Words con-sist-ing of three Letters,

But; for, her, she, did, doe, all, his, way, you, may, say, nay.

Names

To learn Chil-dren to spell a-right their names.

Names of Boys.

Tho-mas.
 James.
 Si-mon.
 Ed-ward.
 John.
 Ro-bert.
 Ri-chard.
 Ad-am.
 Ti-mo-thy.
 Ja-cob.
 A-bra-ham.
 Mo-fes.
 Aa-ron.
 Phi-lip.
 Mat-thew.
 Bar-tho-lo-mew.
 Wil-li-am.
 Hen-ry.
 Ralph.
 Ste-phen.
 Je-re-mi-ab.
 Pe-ter.
 George.
 Jo-nas.
 A-mos.
 Ni-cholas.
 Job.
 Da-vid.

Names of Girls.

An-na.
 Su-san-na.
 Re-be-kah.
 Mag-da-lene.
 E-li-zabeth.
 Sa-rah.
 Ma-ry.
 Jane.
 Dor-cas.
 Ra-chel.
 Di-nah.
 Do-ro-thy.
 Joanna.
 Ly-di-a.
 Da-ma-ris.
 A-bi-gail.
 Mi-chal.
 Han-nah.
 Ruth.
 Mar-tha.
 Ag-nis.
 Mar-ga-ret.
 Ju-dith.
 Joan.
 Alice.
 Phe-be.
 Grace.
 Chris-ti-a-na.
 Ka-the-rine.
 Fran-cis.

To learn Children to know Figures, and Numeral Letters.

<i>Figures.</i>	<i>Numeral Letters</i>
1. One.	I. One.
2. Two.	II. Two.
3. Three.	III. Three.
4. Four.	IV. Four.
5. Five.	V. Five.
6. Six.	VI. Six.
7. Seven.	VII. Seven.
8. Eight.	VIII. Eight.
9. Nine.	IX. Nine.
10. Ten.	X. Ten.
11. Eleven.	XI. Eleven.
12. Twelve.	XII. Twelve.
13. Thirteen.	XIII. Thirteen.
14. Fourteen.	XIV. Fourteen.
15. Fifteen.	XV. Fifteen.
16. Sixteen.	XVI. Sixteen.
17. Seventeen.	XVII. Seventeen.
18. Eighteen.	XVIII. Eighteen.
19. Nineteen.	XIX. Nineteen.
20. Twenty.	XX. Twenty.
30. Thirty.	XXX. Thirty.
40. Forty.	XL. Forty.
50. Fifty.	L. Fifty.
60. Sixty.	LX. Sixty.
70. Seventy.	LXX. Seventy.
80. Eighty.	LXXX. Eighty.
90. Ninety.	XC. Ninety.
100. a Hundred.	C. a Hundred.
500. Five hundred.	D. Five hundred.
1000. a Thousand.	M. a Thousand.

I shall forbear to add more, being perswaded this is enough for little Children to prepare themselves for Psalter, or Bible.

A
B O O K
F O R
Boys and Girls, &c.

I.

Upon the Ten Commandments.

1. **T**Hou shalt not have another God than me:.
2. Thou shalt not to an Image bow thy Knee.
3. Thou shalt not take the Name of God in vain:
4. See that the Sabbath thou do not profain.
5. Honour thy Father and thy Mother to
6. In Act or Thought see thou no Murder do.
7. From Fornication keep thy body clean:
8. Thou shalt not steal, though thou be very mean.
6. Bear no false Witness, keep thee without Spot:
10. What is thy Neighbours see thou Cover not.

The awakened Childs Lamentation.

VVhen *Adam* was deceived,
 I was of Life bereaved ;
 Of late (too) I perceived,
 I was in sin conceived.

2.

And as I was born naked,
 I was with filth bespaked,
 At which when I awaked,
 My Soul and Spirit shaked.

3.

My Filth grew strong, and boyled,
 And me throughout defiled,
 Its pleasures me beguiled,
 My Soul ' how art thou spoyled !

My Joys with sin were painted,
 My mind with sin is tainted,
 My heart with Guilt is fainted,
 I wa'nt with God acquainted.

5.

I have in sin abounded,
 My heart therewith is wounded,

With

(3)

With fears I am surrounded,
My Spirit is confounded.

6.

I have been often called,
By sin as oft enthralled,
Pleasures hath me fore-stalled.
How is my Spirit gauled !

7.

As sin has me infected,
I am thereof detected :
Mercy I have neglected,
I fear I am rejected.

8.

The Word I have mis-used
Good Council too refused ;
Thus I my Self abused ;
How can I be excused ?

9.

When other Children prayed,
That work I then delayed,
Ran up and down and played ,
And thus from God have strayed.

10.

Had I in God delighted,
And my wrong doings righted ;
I had not thus been frightened,
Nor as I am benighted.

11.

O ! That God would be pleased,
T'wards me to be appeased ;

B 2

And

(4)

And heal me thus diseased,
How should I then be eased !

12.

But Truth I have despised,
My follies idolized,
Saints with Reproach disguised,
Salvation nothing prized.

13.

O Lord ! I am ashamed ,
When I do hear thee named ;
'Cause thee I have defamed,
And liv'd like Beasts untamed !

14.

Would God I might be saved,
Might have an heart like *David* ;
This I have sometimes craved,
Yet am by sin enslaved !

15.

Vanity I have loved,
My heart from God removed ;
And not, as me behoved,
The means of Grace improved.

16.

O Lord ! if I had cryed
(When I told tales and lyed)
For Mercy, and denyed
My Lusts, I had not died !

17.

But Mercies-Gate is locked,
Yea, up that way is blocked;

Yea

Yea some that there have knocked,
God at their cries hath mocked.

18.

'Cause him they had disdain'd,
Their wicked ways maintained,
From Godliness refrained,
And on his word complained.

19.

I would I were converted
Would sin and I were parted,
For folly I have smarted ;
God make me honest-hearted !

20.

I have to Grace appealed,
Would 'twere to me revealed,
And Pardon to me sealed,
Then should I soon be healed !

21

Whose Nature God hath mended,
Whose sinful course is ended,
Who is to life ascended,
Of God is much befriended.

22.

Oh ! Were I reconciled
To God, I, tho defiled,
Should be as one that smiled,
To think my death was spoiled.

23.

Lord . thou wast crucified
For Sinners, bled and dyed.

I have for Mercy cryed,
Let me not be denyed.

24

I have thy Spirit grieved ;
Yet is my life reprieved,
Would I in thee believed,
Then I should be relieved.

25.

Were but Repentance gained,
And had I Faith unfeigned,
Then Joy would be maintained
In me, and sin restrained.

26.

But this is to be noted,
I have on Folly doted,
My Vanities promoted,
My self to them devoted.

27.

Thus I have sin committed,
And so my self out-witted ;
Yea, and my Soul unfitted,
To be to Heaven admitted.

28.

But God has condescended,
And pardon has extended,
To such as have offended,
Before their lives were ended.

29.

O Lord ! do not disdain me,
But kindly entertain me ;

Yea in thy Faith maintain me,
And let thy Love constrain me !

III

Meditations upon an Egg.

I

THe Egg's no Chick by falling from the Hen;
Nor man a Christian, till he's born agen.
The Egg's at first contained in the Shell;
Men afore Grace, in sins, and darknes dwell.
The Egg when laid, by Warmth is made a Chicken;
Add Christ, by Grace, those dead in sin doth quicken.
The Egg, when first a Chick, the shell's its Prison;
So's flesh to th'Soul, who yet with Christ is risen.
The Shell doth crack, the Chick doth chirp and
The flesh decays, as men do pray and weep. (peep;
The Shell doth break, the Chick's at liberty;
The flesh falls off, the Soul mounts up on high.
But both do not enjoy the self-same plight;
The Soul is safe, the Chick now fears the Kite.

2.

But Chick's from rotten Eggs do not proceed;
Nor is an Hypocrite a Saint indeed.
The rotten Egg, though underneath the Hen,
If crack'd, stinks, and is loathsome unto men.
Nor doth her Warmth make what is rotten sound,
What's rotten, rotten will at last be found.

The Hypocrite, sin has him in Possession,
He is a rotten Egg under Profession.

3.

Some Eggs bring Cockatrices; and some men
Seem hatcht and brooded in the Vipers Den.

Some Eggs bring wild-Fowls; and some men there be
As wild as are the wildest Fowls that flee.

Some Eggs bring Spiders; and some men appear
More venom than the worst of Spiders are.

Some Eggs bring Piss ants; and some seem to me
As much for trifles as the Piss-ants be.

Thus divers Eggs do produce divers shapes,
As like some Men as Monkeys are like Apes.
But this is but an Egg, were it a Chick,
Here had been Legs, and Wings, and Bones to pick.

I V.

Upon the Lord's Prayer.

O Ur Father which in Heaven art;
Thy name be always hallowed;
Thy Kingdom come; thy Will be done;
Thy Heav'nly path be followed.

By us on Earth as 'tis with thee,
We humbly pray;
And let our Bread us given be
From day to day.

Forgive our debts, as we forgive
Those that to us indebted are:

Into temptation lead us not ;
 But save us from the wicked's Snare.
 The Kingdom's thine, the Power too,
 We thee adore ,
 The Glory also shall be thine
 For evermore.

V

Meditation upon Peep of day.

I Oft, though it be peep of day, do'nt know,
 Whether 'tis Night, whether 'tis Day or no.
 I fancy that I see a little light ;
 But cannot yet distinguish day from night.
 I hope, I doubt, but steddy yet I be not,
 I am not at a point, the Sun I see not.

Thus 'tis with such, who Grace but now possess,
 They know not yet, if they are curst or blest.

VI.

Upon the Flint in the Water.

This Flint, time out of mind, has there abode,
 Where Chrystal Streams make their continual Road ,
 Yet it abides a Flint as much as 'twere,
 Before it touch'd the Water, or came there.

Its hard obdurateness is not abated,
 Tis not at all by water penetrated.

Though

Though water hath a softning vertue in't,
This Stone it can't dissolve, 'cause 'tis a Flint.

Yea though it in the water doth remain ;
It doth it's fiery nature still retain.
If you oppose it with it's Opposit,
At you, yea, in your face it's fire 'twill spit.

Comparison.

This Flint an Emblem is of those that lye,
Like stones, under the Word, until they dye.
It's Chrystal Streams hath not their nature changed
They are not from their Lusts by Grace estranged.

VII.

Upon the Fish in the Water.

I.

The water is the Fishes Element :
Take her from thence, none can her death prevent
And some have said, who have Transgressors been,
As good not be, as to be kept from sin.

2.

The water is the Fishes Element :
Leave her but there, and she is well content.
So's he who in the path of Life doth plod,
Take all, says he, let me but have my God.

(11)

3.

The water is the Fishes Element.
Her sportings there to her are excellent.
So is God's Service unto Holy men,
They are not in their Element till then.

VIII.

Upon the Swallow.

THis pretty Bird, oh! how she flies and sings!
But could she do so if she had not Wings?
Her Wings, bespeak my Faith, her Songs my Peace,
When I believe and sing, my Doubtings cease.

IX.

Upon the Bee.

THe Bee goes out and Honey home doth bring;
And some who seek that Honey find a sting.
Now wouldst thou have the Honey and be free
From stinging; in the first place kill the Bee.

Comparison.

This Bee an Emblem truly is of sin
Whose Sweet unto a many death hath been.
Now would'st have Sweet from sin, and yet not dye,
Do thou it in the first place mortifie.

X.

X.

Upon the Creed.

I Do believe in God ;
 And in his only Son ;
** as to his* Born of a Woman, yet ** begot*
Godhead. Before the World begun.

I also do believe
 That he was crucifi'd,
 Was dead and buried ; and yet
** as to his* Believe he ** never dy'd.*
Godhead. The Third day I believe
 He did rise from the dead ;
 Went up to Heav'n, and is of God
 Of all things made the Head.

Also I do believe,
 That he from thence shall come,
 To judge the quick, the dead, and to
 Give unto all just Doom.

Moreover I believe
 In God the Holy Ghost ;
 And that there is an Holy Church,
 An universal Host.

Also I do believe,
 That sin shall be forgiven ;
 And that the dead shall rise ; and that
 The Saints shall dwell in Heaven.

XI.

Upon a low'ring Morning.

WELL, with the day, I see, the Clouds appear,
 And mix the light with darkness every where :
 This threatning is to Travellers, that go.
 Long Journeys, slabby Rain, they'l have or Snow,
 Else while I gaze, the Sun doth with his beams
 Belace the Clouds, as 'twere with bloody Streams :
 This done, they suddenly do watry grow,
 And weep, and pour their tears out where they go.

Comparison.

Thus 'tis when Gospel-light doth usher in
 T'us, both sense of Grace, and sense of Sin ;
 Yea when it makes sin red with Christ's blood,
 Then we can weep, till weeping does us good.

XII.

Upon over-much Niceness.

TIs much to see how over-Nice some are,
 About the Body and Household Affair :
 While what's of Worth, they slightly pass it by,
 Not doing, or doing it slovenly.

Their

Their house must be well furnish'd, be in print ;
 Mean while their Soul lies ley, has no good in't.
 Its outside also they must beautifie,
 When in it there's scarce common Honesty.

Their Bodies they must have trick'd up, and trim
 Their inside full of Filth up to the brim.
 Upon their cloths there must not be a spot,
 But is their lives more then one common Blot?

How nice, how coy are some about their Diet,
 That can their crying Souls with Hogs-meat quiet.
 All drest must to an hair be, else 'tis naught,
 While of the living bread they have no thought.
 Thus for their Outside they are clean and nice,
 While their poor Inside stinks with sin and vice.

XII.

Meditations upon the Candle.

MAn's like a Candle in a Candlestick,
 Made up of Tallow, and a little Wick ;
 And as the Candle is when 'tis not lighted,
 So is he who is in his sins benighted.
 Nor can a man his Soul with Grace inspire,
 More then can Candles set themselves on fire.

Candles receive their light from what they are not,
 Men Grace from him, for whom at first they care not,
 We manage Candles when they take the fire ;
 God men, when he with Grace doth them inspire.
 And

And biggest Candles give the better light,
As Grace on biggest Sinners shines most

The Candle shines to make another
A Saint unto his Neighbour ligh should
The blinking Candle we do much despise,
Saints dim of light are high in no mans eyes.

Again, though it may seem to some a Riddle,
We use to light our Candle at the middle;
True, light doth at the Candles end appear,
And Grace the heart first reaches by the Ear.
But 'tis the Wick the fire doth kindle on,
As 'tis the heart that Grace first works upon.
Thus both doth fasten upon what's the main,
And so their Life and Vigour do maintain.

The Tallow makes the Wick yield to the fire;
And sinful Flesh doth make the Soul desire,
That Grace may kindle on it, in it burn;
So Evil makes the Soul from Evil turn.

But Candles in the wind are apt to flare;
And Christ'ans in a Tempest to despair.

The flame also with Smoak attended is;
And in our holy lives there's much amis.

Sometimes a Thief will candle-light annoy;
And lusts do seek our Graces to destroy.

What brackish is will make a Candle sputter;
T'wixt sin and Grace there's oft a heavy clutter.

Sometimes the light burns dim, 'cause of the snuff,
Sometimes it is blown quite out with a puff;

But Watchfulness preventeth both these evils,
Keeps Candles light and Grace in spight of Devils.

Nor

Nor let not snuffs nor puffs make us to doubt;
Our Candles may be lighted, though pufft out.

The Candle in the night doth all excel.
Nor Sun, nor Moon, nor Stars, then shine so well.
So is the Christian in our Hemisphere,
whose light shews others how their course to steer.

When Candles are put out, all's in confusion;
where Christians are not, Devils make Intrusion.
Then happy are they who such Candles have,
All others dwell in darkness and the Grave.

But Candles that do blink within the Socket,
And Saints whose heads are always in their pocket,
Are much alike; such Candles make us fumble,
And at such Saints, good men and bad do stumble.

Good Candles do'nt offend, except sore eyes,
Nor hurt unless it be the silly Flies:
Thus none like burning Candles in the night,
Nor ought to holy living for delight.

But let us draw towards the Candles end,
The fire, you see, doth Wick and Tallow spend.
As Grace mans life, until his Glas is run,
And so the Candle and the Man is done.

The man now lays him down upon his Bed;
The Wick yields up its fire; and so is dead.
The Candle now extinct is, but the man,
By Grace mounts up to Glory, there to stand.

XIV.

Upon the Sacraments.

Two Sacraments I do believe there be,
 Baptism and the Supper of the Lord :
 Both Mysteries divine, which do to me,
 By Gods appointment, benefit afford :
 But shall they be my God ? or shall I have
 Of them so foul and impious a Thought,
 To think that from the Curse they can me save ?
 Bread, Wine, nor Water me no ransom bought.

XV.

Upon the Suns Reflection upon the Clouds in a fair Morning.

Look yonder, ah ! Methinks mine eyes do see,
 Clouds edg'd with silver, as fine Garments be !
 They look as if they saw that Golden face,
 That makes black Clouds most beautiful with Grace.
 Unto the Saints sweet incense or their Prayer,
 These Smoaky curdled Clouds I do compare.
 For as these Clouds seem edg'd or lac'd with Gold,
 Their Prayers return with Blessings manifold.

XVI.

Upon Apparel.

GOD gave us Cloaths to hide our *Nakedness*,
 And we by *them*, do it expose to View.
 Our Pride, and unclean Minds, to an *excess*,
 By our Apparel we to others shew.

XVII.

*The Sinner and the Spider.**Sinner.*

WHat black? what ugly crawling thing art
Spider. (thou?)
 I am a Spider —————

*Sinner.**A Spider, Ay, also a filthy Creature.**Spider.*

Not filthy as thy self, in Name or Feature :
 My Name intailed is to my Creation ;
 My Feature's from the God of thy Salvation.

Sinner.

*I am a Man, and in God's Image made,
 I have a Soul shall neither dye nor fade :
 God has possessed me with humane Reason,
 Speak not against me, lest thou speakest Treason.*

*For if I am the Image of my Maker,
Of Slanders laid on me he is Partaker.*

Spider.

I know thou art a Creature far above me,
Therefore I shun, I fear, and also love thee.
But tho thy God hath made thee such a Creature,
Thou hast against him often play'd the Traitor.
Thy sin has fetcht thee down: Leave off to boast;
Nature thou hast defil'd, God's Image lost.
Yea thou, thy self a very Beast hast made,
And art become like Grass, which soon doth fade.
Thy Soul, thy Reason, yea thy spotless State,
Sin has subjected to th'most dreadful fate.
But I retain my primitive condition,
I've all, but what I lost by thy Ambition.

Sinner.

*Thou venom'd thing, I know not what to call thee,
The Dregs of Nature surely did befall thee;
Thou wast made of the Dross, and Scum of all;
Man hates thee, doth in scorn thee Spider call.*

Spider.

My Venom's good for something, 'cause God made it;
Thy Sin has spoilt thy Nature, doth degrade it
Of humane Vertues; therefore tho I fear thee,
I will not, tho I might, despise and jeer thee.
Thou sayst I am the very Dregs of Nature,
Thy Sin's the spawn of Devils, 'tis no Creature.
Thou sayst man hates me, 'cause I am a Spider,
Poor man, thou at thy God art a Derider:

My venom tendeth to my Preservation ;
 Thy pleasing Follies work out thy Damnation.
 Poor man, I keep the rules of my Creation ;
 Thy sin has cast thee headlong from thy Station.
 I hurt no body willingly ; but thou
 Art a self-Murderer : Thou knowst not how
 To do what good is, no thou lovest evil ;
 Thou fly'st God's Law, adherest to the Devil.

Sinner.

*Ill-shaped Creature there's Antipathy
 'Twixt Men and Spiders, 'tis in vain to lie,
 I hate thee, stand off, if thou dost come nigh me,
 I'll crush thee with my foot ; I do despise thee.*

Spider.

They are ill shap't, who warped are by sin ;
 Antipathy in thee hath long time bin
 To God. No marvel then, if me his Creature
 Thou dost despise, pretending Name and Feature.
 But why stand off ? My Presence shall not throng thee,
 'Tis not my venom, but thy sin doth wrong thee.

Come I will teach thee Wisdom, do but hear me,
 I was made for thy profit, do not fear me.

But if thy God thou wilt not hearken to,
 What can the Swallow, Ant, or Spider do ?
 Yet I will speak, I can but be rejected ;
 Sometimes great things, by small means are effected

Hark then ; tho man is noble by Creation,
 He's laps'd now to such Degeneration ;
 Is so besotted, and so carele's grown,
 As not to grieve, though he has overthrown

Himself

Himself, and brought to Bondage every thing
Created, from the Spider to the King.

This we poor Sentitives do feel and see;
For subject to the Curse you made us be.
Tread not upon me, neither from me go;
'Tis man which has brought all the world to wo.

The Law of my Creation bids me teach thee,
I will not for thy Pride to God impeach thee.

I spin, I weave, and all to let thee see,
Thy best performances but Cob-webs be.
Thy Glory now is brought to such an Ebb,
It doth not much excel the Spider's Web.
My Webs becoming snares and traps for Flies,
Do set the wiles of Hell before thine eyes.
Their tangling nature is to let thee see,
Thy sins (too) of a tangling nature be.
My Den, or Hole, for that 'tis bottomless,
Doth of Damnation shew the Lastingness.
My lying quat, until the Fly is catcht,
Shews, secretly Hell hath thy ruin hatcht.
In that I on her seize, when she is taken,
I shew who gathers whom God hath forsaken.
The Fly lies buzzing in my Web to tell
Thee, how the Sinners roar and howl in Hell.

Now since I shew thee all these Mysteries,
How canst thou hate me; or me scandalize?

Sinner. :

*Well, well, I no more will be a Derider;
I did not look for such things from a Spider.*

Spider.

Come, hold thy peace, what I have yet to say,
 If heeded, help thee may another day.
 Since I an ugly ven'mous Creature be,
 There is some Semblance 'twixt vile Man and Me.

My wild and heedless Runnings, are like those
 Whose ways to ruin do their Souls expose.
 Day-light is not my time, I work 'ith' night,
 To shew, they are like me who hate the Light.
 The slightest Brush will overthrow my house,
 To shew false Pleasures are not worse a Louse.
 The Maid sweeps one Web down, I make another,
 To shew how heedless ones Convictions smother.
 My Web is no defence at all to me,
 Nor will false Hopes at Judgment be to thee.

Sinner.

*O Spider I have heard thee, and do wonder,
 A Spider should thus lighten, and thus thunder !*

Spider.

Do but hold still, and I will let thee see,
 Yet in my ways more Mysteries there be.
 Shall not I do thee good, if I thee tell,
 I shew to thee a four-fold way to Hell.

For since I set my Webs in sundry places,
 I shew men go to Hell in divers traces

One I set in the window, that I might
 Shew, some go down to Hell with Gospel-light.

One I set in a Corner, as you see,
 To shew, how some in secret snared be.

Gross Webs great store I set in darksome places,
To shew, how many sin with brazen faces.

Another Web I set aloft on high,
To shew, there's some professing men must dye.
Thus in my Ways, God Wisdom doth conceal;
And by my ways, that Wisdom doth reveal.

I hide my self, when I for Flies do wait,
So doth the Devil, when he lays his bait.
If I do fear the losing of my prey,
I stir me, and more snares upon her lay.
This way, and that, her Wings and Legs I tye,
That sure as she is catcht, so she must dye.
But if I see she's like to get away,
Then with my Venom, I her Journey stay.
All which my ways, the Devil imitates,
To catch men 'cause he their Salvation hates.

Sinner.

*O Spider, thou delight'st me with thy Skill,
I prethee spit this Venom at me still.*

Spider.

I am a Spider, yet I can possess
The Palace of a King, where Happiness
So much abounds. Nor when I do go thither,
Do they ask what, or whence I come, or whether
I make my hasty Travels, no not they;
They let me pass, and I go on my way.
I seize the Palace, do with hands take hold
Of Doors, of locks, or bolts; yea I am bold.

When in, to Clamber up unto the Throne,
And to possess it, as if 'twere mine own.

Nor is there any Law forbidding me
Here to abide, or in this Palace be.

Yea, If I please I do the highest Stories
Afoond, there sit, and so behold the Glories
My self is compast with, as if I were
One of the chiefest Courtiers that be there.

Here Lords and Ladies do come round about me,
With grave Demeanor : Nor do any flout me,
For this my brave Adventure, no not they ;
They come, they go, but leave me there to stay.

Now, my Reproacher, I do by all this
Shew how thou may'st possess thy self of Blifs :
Thou art worse than a Spider, but take hold
On Christ the Door, thou shalt not be controul'd.
By him do thou the Heavenly Palace enter,
None chide thee will for this thy brave Adventure.

Approach thou then unto the very Throne,
There speak thy mind, fear not, the Day's thine own.
Nor Saint nor Angel will thee stop or stay ;
But rather tumble blocks out of thy way.
My Venom stops not me. let not thy Vice
Stop thee ; possess thy self of Paradice.

Go on, I say. although thou be a Sinner,
Learnt to be bold in Faith of me a Spinner.
This is the way the Glories to possess,
And to enjoy what no man can express.

Sometimes I find the Palace door up lock't ;
And so my entrance thither as up blockt.
But am I daunted ? No. I here and there
Do feel, and search ; so, if I any where,

At any chink or crevise find my way,
 I croud, I press for passage, make no stay ;
 And so, tho' difficultly, I attain
 The Palace, yea the Throne where Princes reign.
 I croud sometimes, as if I'd burst in sunder;
 And art thou crush'd with striving do not wonder.
 Some scarce get in, and yet indeed they enter ;
 Knook, for they nothing have that nothing venture.

Nor will the King himself throw dirt on thee,
 As thou hast cast Reproaches upon me.
 He will not hate thee, O thou foul Backslider !
 As thou didst me, because I am a Spider.

Now, to conclude ; since I such Doctrine bring,
 Slight me no more, call me not ugly thing.
 God wisdom hath unto the *Piss-ant* given,
 And *Spiders* may teach men the way to Heaven.

Sinner.

*Well, my good Spider, I my Errors see,
 I was a fool for railing upon thee.
 Thy Nature, Venom, and thy fearful Hue,
 Both shew what Sinners are, and what they do.*

*Thy way and works do also darkly tell.
 How some men go to Heaven, and some to Hell.
 Thou art my Monitor, I am a Fool ;
 They learn may, that to Spiders go to School.*

XVIII.

Meditations upon day before Sun-rising,

But all this while, where's he whose Golden rays
 Drives night away, and beautifies our days?
 Where's he whose goodly face doth warm and heal,
 And shew us what the darksome nights conceal?
 Where's he that thaws our Ice, drives Cold away?
 Let's have him, or we care not for the day.

Thus 'tis with who partakers are of Grace,
 There's nought to them like their Redeemers face.

XIX.

Of the Mole in the Ground.

THe Mole's a Creature very smooth and slick,
 She-digs i'th'dirt, but 'twill not on her stick.
 So's he who counts this world his greatest gains,
 Yet nothing gets but's labour for his pains.
 Earth's the Mole's Element, she can't abide
 To be above ground, dirt heaps are her pride;
 And he is like her, who the Wordling plays,
 He imitates her in her works, and ways.

Poor silly Mole, that thou shouldst love to be,
 Where thou, nor Sun, nor Moon, nor Stars can see.
 But oh! How silly's he. who doth not care,
 So he gets Earth, to have of Heaven a share.

X X,

Of the Cuckow.

Thou Booby, sayst thou nothing but *Cuckow*?
 The *Robin* and the *Wren* can thee out do.
 They to us play thorow their little throats,
 Not one, but sundry pretty taking Notes.

*But thou hast Fellows, some like thee can do
 Little but suck our Eggs, and sing Cuckow.*

Thy notes do not *First* welcome in our Spring,
 Nor dost thou it's first Tokens to us bring.
 Birds less then thee by far, like Prophets, do
 Tell us 'tis coming, tho not by Cuckow.

Nor dost thou Summer have away with thee,
 Though thou a yauling, bauling Cuckow be.
 When thou dost cease among us to appear,
 Then doth our Harvest bravely crown our year.

*But thou hast fellows, some like thee can do
 Little but suck our Eggs, and sing Cuckow.*

Since Cuckows forward not our early Spring,
 Nor help with notes to bring our Harvest in:
 And since while here, she only makes a noise,
 So pleasing unto none as Girls and Boys;
 The Formalist we may compare her to,
 For he doth suck our Eggs and sing Cuckow,

XXI.

Of the Boy and Butter Fly.

Behold how eager this our little Boy,
 Is of this Butter Fly, as if all Joy,
 All Profits, Honours, yea and lasting Pleasures,
 Were wrapt up in her, or the richest Treasures,
 Found in her would be bundled up together,
 When all her all is lighter than a feather.

He hollo's, runs, and cries out here Boys, here,
 Nor doth he Brambles or the Nettles fear :
 He stumbles at the Mole-Hills, up he gets,
 And runs again, as one bereft of wits ;
 And all this labour and this large Out-cry,
 Is only for a silly Butter fly.

Comparison.

This little Boy an Emblem is of those,
 Whose hearts are wholly at the World's dispose.
 The Butter-fly doth represent to me,
 The Worlds best things at best but fading be.
 All are but painted Nothings and false Joys,
 Like this poor Butter-fly to these our Boys.

His running thorough Nettles, Thorns and Bryers,
 To gratifie his boyish fond desires,
 His tumbling over Mole-hills to attain
 His end, namely, his Butter-fly to gain ;

Doth

Doth plainly shew, what bazards son'e mentun,
 To get what will be lost as soon as won.
 Men seem in Choice, then children far more wise,
 Because they run not after Butter. flies :
 When yet alas ! for what are empty Toys
 They follow Children, like to beardless Boys.

XXII.

Of the Fly at the Candle.

What ails this Fly thus desperately to enter
 A Combat with the Candle ? will she venture
 To clash at light ? Away thou silly fly ;
 Thus doing, thou wilt burn thy wings and dye.

But 'tis a folly her advice to give,
 She'll kill the Candle, or she will not live.

Slap, says she, at it ; then she makes retreat.
 So wheels about and doth her blows repeat.

Nor doth the Candle let her quite escape,
 But gives some little check unto the Ape :
 Throws up her heels it doth, so down she falls,
 Where she lies sprawling, and for succor calls.

When she recovers, up she gets again,
 And at the Candle comes with might and main
 But now behold, the Candle takes the Fly,
 And holds her till she doth by burning dye,

Comparison.

Comparison.

This Candle is an Emblem of that Light,
 Our Gospel gives in this our darksome night.
 The Fly a lively Picture is of those
 That hate, and do this Gospel light oppose.
 At last the Gospel doth become their snare,
 Doth them with burning hands in peices tear.

XXIII.

Upon the Lark and the Fowler

Thou simple Bird what mak'st thou here to play !
 Look, there's the Fowler, prethee come away.
 Dost not behold the Net ? Look there 'tis spread,
 Venture a little further thou art dead.

Is there not room enough in all the Field
 For thee to play in, but thou needs must yield
 To the deceitful glitt'ring of a Glass,
 Plac'd betwixt Nets to bring thy death to pass ?

Bird, if thou art so much for dazzling light,
 Look, there's the Sun above thee, dart upright ?
 Thy nature is to soar up to the Sky,
 Why wilt thou come down to the nets, and dye ?

Take no heed to the Fowler's tempting Call ;
 This whistle he enchanteth Birds withal.
 Or if thou seest a live Bird in his net,
 Believe she's there 'cause thence she cannot get.

Lock

Look how he tempteth thee with his Decoy,
That he may rob thee of thy Life, thy Joy:
Come, prethee Bird, I prethee come away,
Why should this net thee take, when 'scape thou may?

Hadst thou not Wings, or were thy feathers pull'd,
Or wast thou blind or fast asleep wer't lull'd:
The case would somewhat alter, but for thee,
Thy eyes are ope, and thou hast Wings to see.

Remember that thy Song is in thy Rise,
Not in thy Fall, Earth's not thy Paradise.
Keep up aloft then, -let thy circuits be
Above, where Birds from Fowlers nets are free.

Comparison

This Fowler is an Emblem of the Devil,
His Nets and Whistle, Figures of all evil.
His Glass an Emblem is of sinful Pleasure,
And his Decoy, of who counts sin a Treasure.

This simple Lark's a shadow of a Saint,
Under allurings, ready now to faint.

This admonisher a true Teacher is,
Whose work's to shew the Soul the snare and bliss.
And how it may this Fowler's net escape,
And not commit upon it self this Rape.

XXIV.

Of the fatted Swine.

Ah, Sirrah ! I perceive thou art Corn-fed,
 With best of Hoggs-meat thou art pampered.
 Thou wallow'st in thy fat, up thou art stal'd,
 Art not as heretofore to Hogs-wash call'd. (it.

Thine Orts lean Pigs would leap at, might they have
 One may see by their whining how they crave it.
 But Hogg, why look'st so big ? Why dost so flounce,
 So snort, and fling away, dost now renounce
 Subjection to thy Lord, 'cause he has fed thee ?
 Thou art yet but a Hogg, of such he bred thee.
 Lay by thy snorting, do not look so big,
 What was thy Predecessor but a Pig.

But come my gruntling, when thou art full fed,
 Forth to the Butchers Stall thou must be led.
 Then will an end be put unto thy snortings,
 Unto thy boarish Looks and hoggish Sportings ;
 Then thy thrill crys will eccho in the air ;
 Thus will my Pig for all his Greatness fare.

Comparison.

This Emblem shews, Some men are in this life,
 Like full-fed Hoggs prepared for the Knife.
 It likewise shews some can take no Reproof,
 More than the fatted Hogg, who stands aloof.

Yea

Yea; that they never will for mercy cry,
Till time is past, and they for sin must dye.

XXV.

On the rising of the Sun.

Look, look, brave *Sol* doth peep up from beneath.
Shews us his golden face, doth on us breath.
He also doth compass us round with Glories,
Whilst he ascends up to his higher Stories.
Where he his Banner over us displays,
And gives us light to see our Works and Ways.

Nor are we now, as at the peep of light,
To question, Is it day, or is it night ?
The night is gone, the shadow's fled away ;
And we now most sure are that it is day.
Our Eyes behold it, and our Hearts believe it,
Nor can the wit of man in this deceive it.

And thus it is when Jesus shews his face,
And doth assure us of his Love and Grace.

XXVI.

Upon the promising Fruitfulness of a Tree.

A Comely sight indeed it is to see,
A World of Blossoms on an Apple-tree.
Yet far more comely would this Tree appear,
If all its dainty blooms young Apples were.

D

But

But how much more might one upon it see,
 If all would hang there till they ripe should be.
 But most of all in Beauty 'twould abound,
 If then none worm-eaten could there be found.

But we, alas! Do commonly behold
 Blooms fall apace, if mornings be but cold.
 They (too) which hang till they young Apples are,
 By blasting Winds and Vermine take despair.
 Store that do hang, while almost ripe, we see
 By blustering Winds are shaken from the Tree.
 So that of many only some there be,
 That grow till they come to Maturity.

Comparison.

This Tree a perfect Emblem is of those,
 Which God doth plant, which in his Garden grows.

It's blasted Blooms are *Motions* unto Good,
 Which chill Affections do nip in the bud.

Those little Apples which yet blasted are,
 Shew, some good *Purposes*, no good Fruits bare.

Those spoilt by Vermin are to let us see,
 How good *Attempts* by bad Thoughts ruin'd be.

Those which the Wind blows down, while they are
 Shew, good *Works* have by Tryal spoyled been: (green,

Those that abide, while ripe, upon the Tree,
 Shew, in a good man *some* ripe Fruit *will* be.

Behold then how abortive some Fruits are,
 Which at the first most promising appear.

The

The Frost, the Wind, the Worm with time doth shew,
There flows from much Appearance, works but few

X X V I I.

On the Post-boy.

BEhold this Post-boy, with what haste and speed
He travels on the Road ; and there is need
That he so does, his Business call for haste.
For should he in his Journey now be cast,
His Life for that default might hap to go ;
Yea, and the Kingdom come to ruin too.

Stages are for him fixt, his hour is set,
He has a Horn to sound, that none may let
Him in his haste, or give him stop or stay .
Then Post-boy blow thy horn, and go thy way.

Comparison.

This Post-boy in this haste an Emblem is,
Of those that are set out for lasting Bliss.
Nor Posts that glide the road from day to day,
Have so much business, nor concerns as they.
Make clear the road then, Post-boy sound thy horn,
Miscarry here, and better n'ere been born.

X X V I I I.

Upon the Horse in the Mill.

HOrses that work i'th' Mill must hood-wink't be;
 For they'l besick or giddy, if they see.
 But keep them blind enough, and they will go
 That way which would a seeing Horse undo.

Comparison.

Thus 'tis with those that do go *Satan's* Round,
 No seeing man can live upon his ground.
 Then let us count those unto sin inclin'd,
 Either besides their wits, bewitch'd or blind.

X X I X

Upon a Ring of Bells.

(weak,
Bells have wide mouths and tongues, but are too
 Have they not help, to sing, or talk, or speak
 But if you move them they will mak't appear,
 By speaking they'l make all the Town to hear.
 When Ringers handle them with Art and Skill,
 They then the ears of their Observers fill,
 With such brave Notes, they ting and tang so well
 As to out strip all with their ding, dong, Bell.

Comparison.

Comparison.

These Bells are like the Powers of my Soul ;
 Their Clappers to the Passions of my mind .
 The Ropes by which my Bells are made to tole,
 Are Promises (I by experience find .)
 My body is the Steeple, where they hang,
 My Graces they which do ring ev'ry Bell :
 Nor is there any thing gives such a tang,
 When by these Ropes these Ringers ring them well.
 Let not my Bells these Ringers want, nor Ropes ;
 Yea let them have room for to swing and sway :
 To tosse themselves deny them not their Scopes.
 Lord ! in my Steeple give them room to play.
 If they do tole, ring out, or chime all in,
 They drown the tempting tinckling Voice of Vice :
 Lord ! when my Bells have gone, my Soul has bin
 As 'twere a tumbling in this Paradise !
 Or if these Ringers do the Changes ring,
 Upon my Bells, they do such Musick make,
 My Soul then (Lord) cannot but bounce and sing,
 So greatly her they with their Musick take.
 But Boys (my Lusts) into my Belfry go,
 And pull these Ropes, but do no Musick make
 They rather turn my Bells by what they do,
 Or by disorder make my Steeple shake.
 Then, Lord ! I pray thee keep my Belfry Key,
 Let none but Graces meddle with these Ropes :
 And when these naughty Boys come, say them Nay,
 From such Ringers of Musick there's no hopes.

'O Lord ' If thy poor Child might have his will,
 And might his meaning freely to thee tell ;
 He never of this Musick has his fill,
 There's nothing to him like thy ding,dong, Bell.

X X X.

Upon the Thief.

THe Thief,when he doth steal,thinks he doth gain;
 Yet then the greatest Loss he doth sustain.
 Come Thief, tell me thy Gains, but do not falter.
 When sum'd what comes it to more than the Halter?

Perhaps, thou'l't say, the Halter I defie ;
 So thou mayst say, yet by the Halter dye.
 Thou'l't say, then there's an end ; no, preth'ee hold,
 He was no Friend of thine that thee so told.

Hear thou the Word of God, that will thee tell,
 without Repentance Thieves must go to Hell.
 But should it be as thy false Prophet says,
 Yet nought but Loss doth come by Thievish ways.

All honest men will flee thy Company,
 Thou liv'st a Rogue, and so a Rogue wilt dye.
 Innocent boldness thou hast none at all,
 Thy inward thoughts do thee a Villain call.

Sometimes when thou ly'st warmly on thy Bed,
 Thou art like one unto the Gallows led.
 Fear, as a Constable, breaks in upon thee ;
 Thou art as if the Town was up to stone thee.

If Hogs do grunt, or silly Rats do ruse,
 Thou art in consternations, think'st a busse
 By men about the door is made to take thee
 And all because good Conscience doth forsake thee.

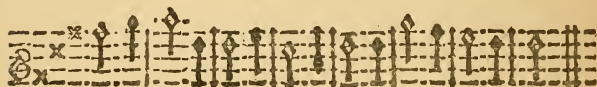
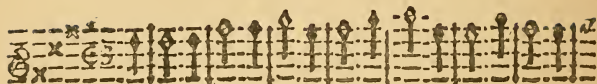
Thy case is most deplorably bad;
 Thou shun'st to think on't, lest thou shouldst be mad.
 Thou art beset with mischiefs ev'ry way,
 The Gallows groaneth for thee ev'ry day.

Wherefore, I prethee Tnief, thy Theft forbear,
 Consult thy safety, prethee have a care.
 If once thy Head be got within the Noose,
 'Twill be too late a longer Life to chuse.

As to the Penitent thou readest of,
 What's that to them who at Repentance scoff.
 Nor is that Grace at thy Command or Pow'r,
 That thou shouldst put it off till the last hour.

I prethee Thief think on't, and turn betime;
 Few go to Life who do the Gallows clime.

X X X I.

Of the Child with the Bird at the Bush.

My little Bird, how canst thou sit;
 And sing amidst so many Thorns!
 Let me but hold upon thee get;
 My Love with Honour thee adorns.

Thou art at present little worth;
 Five farthings none will give for thee.
 But prethee little Bird come forth,
 Thou of more value art to me.

'Tis true, it is Sun-shine to day,
 To-morrow Birds will have a Storm;
 My pretty one, come thou away,
 My Bosom then shall keep thee warm.

Thou subject art to cold o' nights,
 When darkness is thy covering,
 At day's thy dangers great by Kites,
 How canst thou then sit there and sing?

Thy

Thy food is scarce and scanty too,
 Tis Worms and Trash which thou dost eat ;
 Thy present state I pity do,
 Come, I'll provide thee better meat.

I'll feed thee with white Bread and Milk,
 And Sugar-plumbs, if them thou crave ;
 I'll cover thee with finest Silk,
 That from the cold I may thee save.

My Father's Palace shall be thine,
 Yea in it thou shalt sit and sing ;
 My little Bird, if thou'lt be mine,
 The whole year round shall be thy Spring.

I'll teach thee all the Notes at Court ;
 Unhought of Musick thou shalt play ;
 And all that thither do resort,
 Shall praise thee for it ev'ry day.

I'll keep thee safe from Cat and Cur,
 No manner-o'harm shall come to thee ;
 Yea, I will be thy Succourer,
 My Bosom shall thy Cabbin be.
 But lo, behold, the Bird is gone ;
 These Charmings would not make her yield :
 The Child's left at the Bush alone,
 The Bird flies yonder o'er the Field.

Comparison.

This Child of Christ an Emblem is ;
 The Bird to Sinners I compare :
 The Thorns are like those Sins of his,
 Which do surround him ev'ry where.

Her

Her Songs, her Food, and Sun-shine day,
 An Emblem's of those foolish Toys,
 Which to Destruction lead the way,
 The fruit of worldly, empty Joys.

The Arguments this Child doth chuse,
 To draw to him a Bird thus wild,
 Shews Christ familiar Speech doth use,
 To make's to him be reconciled.

The Bird in that she takes her Wing,
 To speed her from him after all:
 Shews us, vain Man loves any thing,
 Much better than the Heav'nly Call.

XX XII.

Of Moses and his Wife.

THis *Moses* was a fair and comely man;
 His wife a swarthy Ethiopian:
 Nor did his Milk-white Bosom change her Skin;
 She came out thence as black as she went in.
 Now *Moses* was a type of *Moses* Law,
 His Wife likewise of one that never saw
 Another way unto eternal Life;
 There's Myst'ry then in *Moses* and his Wife.

The Law is very Holy, Just and good,
 And to it is espous'd all Flesh and Blood:
 But this its Goodness it cannot bestow,
 On any that are wedded thereunto.

Therefore

Therefore as *Moses* Wife came swarthy in,
 And went out from him without change of Skin :
 So he that doth the Law for Life adore,
 Shall yet by it be left a Black-a-more.

X X X I I I.

Upon the barren Fig-tree in God's Vineyard

What barren, here ! in this, so good a soyl ?
 The sight of this doth make God's heart recoil
 From giving thee his Blessing . Barren Tree,
 Bear Fruit, else thine end will cursed be !

Art thou not planted by the water side ?
 Know'st not thy Lord by Fruit is glorifi'd ?
 The Sentence is, cut down the barren Tree :
 Bear Fruit, or else thine End will cursed be !

Hast not been dig'd about, and dunged too,
 Will neither Patience, nor yet Dressing do ?
 The Executioner is come, O Tree,
 Bear Fruit, or else thine End will cursed be !

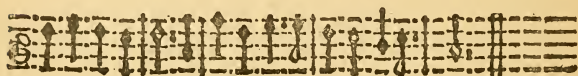
He that about thy Roots takes pains to dig,
 Would if on thee were found but one good Fig,
 Preserve thee from the Axe: But barren Tree,
 Bear Fruit, or else thy End will cursed be !

The utmost end of Patience is at hand,
 Tis much if thou much longer here doth stand.
 O Cumber-ground, thou art a barren Tree,
 Bear Fruit, or else thine End will cursed be !

Thy

Thy standing nor thy name will help at all,
 When fruitful Trees are spared thou must fall.
 The Axe is laid unto thy Roots. O Tree !
 Bear fruit, or else thine End will cursed be !

X X X I I I I.

Of the Rose-bush.

THis homely Bush doth to mine eyes expose,
 A very fair, yea comely, ruddy, *Rose*.

This *Rose* doth also bow its head to me,
 Saying, come, pluck me, I thy *Rose* will be.
 Yet offer I to gather *Rose* or Bud,

Ten to one but the Bush will have my Blood.

This looks like a Trappan, or a Decoy,
 To offer, and yet snap who would enjoy.
 Yea, the more eager on't, the more in danger,
 Be he the Master of it, or a Stranger.

Bush, why dost bear a *Rose* ? If none must have it,
 Why dost expose it, yet claw those that crave it ?

Art become freakish ? Dost the Wanton play,
Or doth thy testy humour tend this way ?

Comparison.

This Rose God's Son is, with his ruddy Looks.
But what's the *Bush* ? Whose pricks, like Tenter-
Do scratch and claw the finest Ladies hands, (hooks.
Or rent her Cloths, if she too near it stands.

This *Bush* an Emblem is of *Adam's* race
Of which Christ came, when he his Father's Grace
Commended to us in his crimson Blood,
While he in Sinners stead and Nature stood.

Thus *Adam's* Race did bear this dainty Rose,
And doth the same to *Adam's* Race expose :
But those of *Adam's* Race which at it catch,
Adam's Race will them prick and claw and scratch.

X X X V.

Of the going down of the Sun.

What, hast thou run thy Race ? Art going down ?
Thou seemest angry, why dost on us frown ?
Yea wrap thy head with Clouds, and hide thy face,
As threatening to withdraw from us thy Grace ?
Oh leave us not ! when once thou hid'st thy head,
Our Horizon with darkness will be spread.
Tell's, who hath thee offended ? Turn again :
Alas ! too late Entreaties are in vain !

Comparison.

Comparison.

Our Gospel has had here a Summers day ;
 But in its Sun-shine we, like Fools, did play.
 Or else fall out, and with each other wrangle,
 And did instead of work not much but jangle.

And if our Sun seems angry, hides his face,
 Shall it go down, shall Night possess this place?
 Let not the voice of night-Birds us afflict,
 And of our mis-spent Summer us convict.

X X X V I.

Upon the Frog.

THe Frog by Nature is both damp and cold,
 Her Mouth is large, her Belly much will hold :
 She sits somewhat ascending, loves to be
 Croaking in Gardens, tho unpleasantly.

Comparison.

The Hyppocrite is like unto this Frog ;
 As like as is the Puppy to the Dog.
 He is of nature cold. his Mouth is wide,
 To prate, and at true Goodness to deride,
 He mounts his Head, as if he was above
 The World, when yet 'tis that which has his Love.

And

And though he seeks in Churches for to croak,
He neither loveth Jesus, nor his Yoak.

XXXVII.

Upon the whipping of a Top.

TIs with the Whip the Boy sets up the Top,
The whip makes it run round upon it's Toe;
The Whip makes it hither and thither hop:
Tis with the Whip, the Top is made to go.

Comparison.

Our Legalist is like unto this Top,
Without a Whip, he doth not Duty do.
Let *Moses* whip him, he will skip and hop;
Forbear to whip, he'll neither stand nor go.

XXXVIII.

Upon the Pifmire.

MUst we unto the Pif-mire go to School,
To learn of her, in Summer to provide
For Winter next ensuing; Man's a Fool,
Or filly Ants would not be made his Guide.
But Sluggard, is it not a shame for thee,
To be out-done by Pif-mires? Prethee hear:

Their.

Their Works (too) will thy Condemnation be,
When at the Judgment Seat thou shalt appear.

But since thy God doth bid thee to her go,
Obey, her ways consider, and be wise.
The Piss-ants tell thee will what thou must do,
And set the way to Life before thine eyes.

XXXIX.

Upon the Beggar.

HE wants, he asks, he pleads his Poverty,
They within doors do him an Alms deny.
He doth repeat and aggravate his Grief;
But they repulse him, give him no relief.
He begs, they say, be gone; he will not hear,
But coughs, sighs and make signs, he still is there
They disregard him, he repeats his groans;
They still say nay, and he himself bemoans.
The grow more rugged, they call him Vagrant;
He cries the shriller, trumpets out his want.
At last when they perceive he'll take no Nay,
An Alms they give him without more delay.

Comparison.

This Beggar doth resemble them that pray,
To God for Mercy, and will take no Nay.
But wait, and count that all his hard Gain-says,
Are nothing else, but fatherly Delays.

Then.

Then imitate him, praying Souls, and cry :
There's nothing like to Importunity.~

XL.

Upon an Instrument of Musick in an unskilful Hand.

Suppose a Viol, Cittern, Lute, or Harp,
Committed unto him that wanteth Skill ;
Can he by Strokes. suppose them flat or sharp,
The Ear of him that hears with Musick fill ?

No, no, he can do little else then scrape,
Or put all out of tune, or break a string :
Or make thereon a mutt'ring like an Ape,
Or like one which can neither say nor sing.

Comparison.

The unlearn'd Novices in things Divine,
With this unskill'd Musician I compare.
For such, instead of making Truth to shine,
Abuse the Bible, and unfavoury are.

X L I.

Upon the Horse and his Rider

There's one rides very sagely on the Road,
Shewing that he affects the gravest Mode.
Another rides Tantivy, or full Trot,
To shew, much Gravity he matters not.

E

Lo,

Lo, here comes one amain, he rides full speed,
Hedge, Ditch, nor Myry Bog, he doth not heed.

One claws it up Hill without stop or check,
Another down, as if he'd break his Neck.

Now ev'ry Horse has his especial Guider ;
Then by his going you may know the Rider.

Comparison

Now let us turn our Horse into a Man,
His Rider to a Spirit, if we can :
Then let us by the Methods of the Guider,
Tell ev'ry Horse how he should know his Rider.

Some go as Men direct in a right way,
Nor are they suffered to go astray :
As with a Bridle they are governed,
And kept from Paths, which lead unto the dead.

*Now this good man has his especial Guider ;
Then by his going let him know his Rider.*

Some go as if they did not greatly care,
Whether of Heaven or Hell they should be Heir.
The Rein it seems as laid upon their Neck,
They seem to go their way without a check.

*Now this man too has his especial Guider ;
And by his going he may know his Rider.*

Some again run, as if resolv'd to dye,
Body and Soul to all Eternity:

Good

God Counsel they by no means can abide ;
 They'll have their course, whatever them betide.
*Now these poor Men have their especial Guider ;
 Are they not Fools they soon might know their Rider.*

There's one makes head against all Godliness,
 Those (too) that do profess it he'll distress :
 He taunt and flout, if Goodness doth appear,
 And at its Countenancers mock and jeer.
*Now this man (too) has his especial Guider ;
 And by his going he might know his Rider.*

XLII.

*Upon the Sight of a Pound of Candles falling to the
 Ground.*

Utl be the Candles down, and scatt' red too,
 Some lying here, some there ? What shall we do ?
 And, light the Candle there that stands on high,
 You may find the other Candles by.
 But that, I say, and so take up the Pound,
 I did let fall, and scatter on the Ground.

Comparison.

The fallen Candles to us intimate,
 The bulk of God's Elect in their last State.
 Their lying scatt' red in the dark may be,
 Shew by Man's last State his Misery,

The Candle that was taken down, and lighted,
 Thereby to find them fallen, and benighted,
 Is Jesus Christ: God by his Light doth gather
 Who he will save, and be unto a Father.

X L I I I.

Of Fowls flying in the Air.

ME thinks I see a Sight most excellent,
 All Sorts of Birds fly in the Firmament:
 Some great, some small, all of a divers kind,
 Mine Eye affecting, pleasant to my Mind.
 Look how they tumble in the wholesom Air,
 Above the World of Wordlings, and their care.

And as they divers are in Bulk and Hue,
 So are they in their way of flying too.

So many Birds, so many various things,
 Tumbling i'th' Element upon their Wings.

Comparison.

These Birds are Emblems of those men, that the
 Ere long possess the Heavens, their All in All.

They are each of a divers shape, and kind;
 To teach, we of all Nations there shall find,

They are some great, some little, as we see;
 To shew, some great, some small, in Glory be.

Their flying diversly, as we behold;
 Do shew Saints Joys will there be manifold.

Some glide, some mount, some flutter, and some do,
 In a mixt way of flying, glory too.
 And all to shew each Saint, to his content,
 Shall roul and tumble in that Firmament.

XLIV.

Upon a Penny Loaf.

THy Price one Penny is, in time of Plenty;
 In Famine doubled 'tis, from one to twenty:
 Yea, no man knows what Price on thee to set,
 When there is but one Penny Loaf to get.

Comparison.

THis Loaf's an Emblem of the Word of God,
 A thing of low Esteem, before the Rod
 Of Famine smites the Soul with Fear of Death:
 But then it is our All, our Life, our Breath.

XLV.

Upon the Vine-tree.

VWhat is the Vine, more than another Tree,
 Nay most, than it, more tall, more comely be?
 What Work-man thence will take a Beam or Pin,
 To make ought which may be delighted in?

*It's Excellency in it's Fruit doth lie.
A fruitless Vine ! It is not worth a Fly.*

Comparison.

What are Professors more than other men ?
Nothing at all. Nay, there's not one in ten,
Either for Wealth, or Wit, that may compare,
In many things, with some that Carnal are.
Good are they, if they mortifie their Sin ;
But without that they are not worth a Pin.

XLVI

The Boy and Watch-maker.

THIS Watch my Father did on me bestow,
A Golden one it is, but 'twill not go,
Unless it be at an Uncertainty ;
But as good none, as one to tell a Lye.

When 'tis high Day, my Hand will stand at nine
I think there's no man's Watch so bad as mine.
Sometimes 'tis fullen, 'twill not go at all,
And yet 'twas never broke, nor had a Fall.

Watch-maker.

Your watch, tho it be good, through want of skill
May fail to do according to your will.

Suppose the Ballance, Wheels, and Spring be good,
 And all things else, unless you understood
 To manage it, as Watches ought to be,
 Your Watch will still be at Uncertainty.
 Come, tell me, do you keep it from the Dust?
 Yea wind it also duly up you must.
 Take heed (too) that you do not strain the String;
 You must be circumspect in ev'ry thing.
 Or else your Watch, were it as good again,
 Would not with Time, and Tide you entertain.

Comparison.

This Boy an Emblem is of a Convert;
 His Watch of th' work of Grace within his heart.
 The Watch-maker is Jesus Christ our Lord,
 His Counsel, the Directions of his Word.
 Then Convert, if thy heart be out of frame,
 Of this Watch-maker learn to mend the same.

Do not lay ope thy heart to Worldly Dust,
 Nor let thy Graces over-grow with Rust.
 Be oft renew'd in th' Spirit of thy mind,
 Or else uncertain thou thy Watch wilt find.

XLVII.

Upon the Boy and his Paper of Plumbs.

V Vhat hast thou there, my pretty Boy?
 Plumbs? How? Yes, Sir, a Paper full.
 I thought 'twas so, because with Joy
 Thou didst them out thy Paper pull.

The Boy goes from me, eats his Plumbs,
Which he counts better of than Bread :
But by and by he to me comes,
With nought but Paper and the Thread.

Comparison.

This Boy an Emblem is of such,
Whose Lot in worldly things doth lie:
Glory they in them ne'er so much,
Their pleasant Springs will soon be dry.

Their Wealth, their Health, Honours and Life,
Will quickly to a period come ;
If for these, is their only Strife,
They soon will not be worth a Plumb.

XLVIII.

Upon a Looking-glass.

IN this, see thou thy Beauty, hast thou any :
Or thy defects, should they be few or many.
Thou mayst (too) here thy Spots and Freckles see,
Hast thou but Eyes, and what their Numbers be.
But art thou blind, there is no Looking Glass,
Can shew thee thy defects, thy Spots, or Face.

Comparison.

Comparison.

Unto this Glafs we may compare the Word,
 For that to man advantage doth afford,
 (Has he a Mind to know himself and State ;)
 To see what will be his Eternal Fate.

But without Eyes, alas ! How can he see ?
 Many that seem to look here, blind Men be.
 This is the Reason, they so often read,
 Their Judgment there, and do it nothing dread.

X L I X.

Upon a Lanthorn.

THe Lanthorn is to keep the Candle Light,
 When it is windy, and a darksome Night.
 O dain'd it also was, that men might see
 By Night their Day, and so in safety be.

Comparison.

Compare we now our Lanthorn to the man,
 That has within his heart a Work of Grace.
 As for another let him, if he can,
 Do as this Lanthorn, in its time and place :
 Profess the Faith, and thou a Lanthorn art :
 But yet if Grace has not possessed thee :

Thou.

Thou want'st this Candle Light within thy heart,
And art none other, than dark Lanthorns be.

L.

Of the Love of Christ.

THe love of Christ, poor I! may touch upon
But 'tis unsearchable. Oh! There is none
It's large Dimensions can comprehend,
Should they dilate thereon, World without end.

When we had sinned, in his Zeal he sware,
That he upon his back our Sins would bear.
And since unto Sin is entailed Death,
He vowed, for our Sins he'd lose his Breath.

He did not only say. vow, or resolve,
But to Astonishment did so involve
Himself, in man's distress and misery,
As for, and with him, both to live and dye.

To his eternal Fame, in Sacred Story,
We find that he did lay aside his Glory.
Step'd from the Throne of highest Dignity;
Become poor Man, did in a Manger lie;
Yea was beholding unto his for Bread;
Had, of his own, not where to lay his Head.
Tho' rich, he did, for us, become thus poor,
That he might make us rich for evermore.

Nor was this but the least of what he did;
But the outside of what he suffered
God made his Blessed Son under the Law;
Under the Curse, which, like the Lyon's Paw,

Did

Did rent and tear his Soul, for mankind's Sin,
 More than if we for it in Hell had bin.
 His Crys, his Tears, and Bloody Agony,
 The nature of his Death, doth testify.

Nor did he of Constraint himself thus give,
 For Sin, to death, that man might with him live.
 He did do what he did most willingly,
 He sung, and gave God Thanks, that he must dye.

But do Kings use to dye for Captive Slaves?
 Yet we were such, when Jesus dy'd to save's.

Yea, when he made himself a Sacrifice,
 It was that he might save his Enemies.

And, tho he was provoked to retract
 His blest Resolves, for such, so good an Act,
 By the abusive Carriages of those
 That did both him, his Love, and Grace oppose:
 Yet he, as unconcerned with such things,
 Goes on, determines to make Captives Kings.
 Yea, many of his Murderers he takes
 Into his Favour, and them Princes makes.

LI.

Of the Horse and Drum.

SOME Horses will, some can't endure the Drum,
 But snort and flounce, if it doth near them come.
 They will, nor Bridle nor Rider obey,
 But head strong be, and fly out of the way.

These

These skittish Jades, that can't this noise abide,
 Nor will be rul'd by him that doth them ride;
 I do compare those our Professors to,
 Which start from Godliness in Tryals do.
 To these, the threats that are against them made,
 Are like this Drum to this our starting Jade.
 They are offended at them and forsake
 Christ, of whose ways they did Profession make.

But, as I said, there other Horses be,
 That from a Drum will neither start, nor flee.
 Let Drummers beat a Charge, or what they will,
 They'll nose them, facethem, keep their places still.
 They fly not when they to those rattlings come,
 But like War-Horses do endure the Drum.

LII.

On the Kackling 'of a Hen.

THE Hen so soon as she an Egg doth lay,
 (Spreads the Fame of her doing, what she may.)
 About the Yard she kackling now doth go,
 To tell what 'twas she at her Nest did do.

Just thus it is with some Professing men,
 If they do ought that good is, like our Hen,
 They can't but kackle on't, where 'ere they go,
 What their right hand doth, their left hand must
 (know.)

LIII.

LIII.

Upon an Hour-Glass.

THis Glass when made, was by the Work mans
 The Sum of sixty minutes to fulfill. (Skill,
 Time more, nor less; by it will out be spun,
 But just an Hour, and then the Glass is run.

Man's Life, we will compare unto this Glass,
 The Number of his Months he cannot pass ;
 But when he has accomplished his day,
 He, like a Vapour, vanisheth away.

LIV.

Upon the Chalk-stone.

THis Stone is white, yea, warm, and also soft,
 Easie to work upon, unless 'tis naught.
 It leaves a white Impression upon those ,
 Whom it doth touch, be they it's Friends or Foes.

The Child of God , is like to this Chalk-stone,
 White in his Life, easily wrought upon :
 Warm in Affections, apt to leave impress,
 On whom he deals with, of true Godliness.

He is no falling Coal, nor daubing Pitch,
 Nor one of whom men catch the Scab, or Itch ;

But

But such who in the Law of God doth walk,
Tender of heart, in Life whiter than Chalk.

L V.

Upon a Stinking Breath.

DOth this proceed from an infected Air? (Fare?
Or from man's common, sweet and wholesome
It comes from a foul Stomack, or what's worse,
Ulcerous Lungs, Teeth, or a private Curse.

To this, I some mens Notions do compare,
Who seem to breathe in none but Scripture Air.
They suck it in, but breathe it out again,
So putrified, that it doth scarce retain
Any thing of its native Excellence.
It only serves to fix the Pestilence
Of their delusive Notions, in the mind
Of the next foolish Profelyte they find.

L V I.

Upon Death.

DEath's a cold Comforter to Girls and Boys,
Who wedded are unto their Childish Toys:
More Grim he looks upon our lustful Youth, (Truth be
Who, against Knowledge, slight God's saving,

But

But most of all, he dismal is to those,
Who once profess'd the Truth, they now oppose.

Death has a Dart, a Sting, which Poyson is,
As all will find, who do of Glory miss.
This Sting is Sin, the Laws it's Strength, and he,
Or they, will find it so, who damned be.

True, Jesus Christ, indeed, did Death destroy,
For those who worthy are, him to enjoy.
He washes them in's Blood from ev'ry Sin
They'r guilty of, or subject to hath bin.
So here's, nor Sting, nor Law, nor Death to kill,
And yet Death always, some men torment will.

But this seems Het'rodox or Mystery,
For Death to live to some, to some to dye;
Yet 'tis so, when God doth man's Sin forgive,
Death dies, but where 'tis charged, Death doth live.

LVII

Upon the Snail.

She goes but softly, but she goeth sure,
She stumbles not, as stronger Creatures do :
Her Journeys shorter, so she may endure,
Better than they which do much further go.

She makes no noise, but stilly seizeth on
The Flow'r or Herb, appointed for her food :
The which she quietly doth feed upon,
While others range, and gare, but find no good.

And

And tho she doth but very softly go,
 How ever 'tis not fast, nor slow but sure;
 And certainly they that dō travel so,
 The prize they do aim at, they do procure.

Comparison.

Although they seem not much to stir, less go,
 For Christ that hunger, or from Wrath, that flee;
 Yet what they seek for, quickly thy come to;
 Tho it doth seem the farthest off to be.

One Act of Faith doth bring them to that Flow'r,
 They so long for, that they may eat and live;
 Which to attain is not in others Pow'r,
 Tho for it a King's Ransom they would give.

Then let none faint, nor be at all dismay'd,
 That Life by Christ do seek, they shall not fail
 To have it, let them nothing be afraid;
 The Herb, and Flow'r is eaten by the Snail.

LVIII.

Of the Spouse of Christ.

V Ho's this that cometh from the Wilder-
 Like Smoaky Pillars, thus perfum'd with-
 Leaning upon her dearest in Distress, (nefs,
 Led into's Bosom, by the Comforter? (Myrrhe

She's

She's clothed with the Sun, crown'd with twelve
 The spotted Moon her Footstool he hath made. (Stars,
 The Dragon her assaults, fills her with Jars,
 Yet rests she under her Beloved's Shade.

But whence was she? What is her Pedigree?
 Was not her Father, a poor *Amorite*?
 What was her Mother, but as others be,
 A poor, a wretched and sinful *Hittite*!

Yea, as for her, the day that she was born,
 As loathsome, out of doors, they did her cast;
 Naked, and Filthy, Stinking, and forlorn:
 This was her Pedigree from first to last.

Nor was she pittied in this Estate;
 All let her lie polluted in her Blood:
 None her Condition did commiserate,
 Their was no Heart that sought to do her good.

Yet she unto these Ornaments is come,
 Her Breasts are fashioned, her Hair is grown;
 She is made Heiress of the best Kingdom;
 All her Indignities away are blown.

Cast out she was, but now she home is taken,
 Naked (sometimes) but now you see she's clo'd;
 Now made the Darling, though before forsaken,
 Bare-foot, but now, as Princes Daughters, shod.

Instead of Filth, she now has her Perfumes,
 Instead of Ignominy, her Chains of Gold:
 Instead of what the Beauty most consumes,
 Her Beauty's perfect, lovely to behold.

Those that attend, and wait upon her, be
 Princes of Honour, cloth'd in white Aray,

Upon her Head's a Crown of Gold, and she
Eats Wheat, Honey, and Oil, from day to day.

For her Beloved, he's the High'st of all,
The only Potentate, the King of Kings :
Angels, and Men, do him *Jehovah* call,
And from him, Life, and Glory, always springs.

He's white, and ruddy, and of all the Chief ;
His Head, his Locks, his Eyes, his Hands, and Feet,
Do for Compleatness out-go all Belief ;
His checks like Flowers are, his Mouth's most sweet.

As for his Wealth he is made Heir of all,
What is in Heav'n, what is on Earth, is his :
And he this Lady, his Joynt-Heir, doth call,
Of all that shall be, or at present is.

Well Lady, well, God has been good to thee,
Thou, of an Out-cast, now art made a Queen.
Few or none may with thee compared be ;
A Beggar made thus high is seldome seen.
Take heed of Pride, remember what thou art,
By Nature, tho thou hast in Grace a share :
Thou in thy self doth yet retain a part
Of thine own Filthiness, wherefore beware ;

LIX.

Upon a Skilful Player on an Instrument.

HE that can play well on an Instrument,
Will take the Ear, and captivate the Mind,
With Mirth, or Sadness ; For that it is bent
Thereto as Musick, in it, place doth find.

But if one hears that hath therein no skill,
 (As often Musick lights of such a chance)
 Of its brave Notes, they soon be weary will ;
 And there are some can neither sing nor dance.

Comparison.

Unto him that thus skilfully doth play,
 God doth compare a Gospel-Minister,
 That rightly preacheth (and doth Godly pray)
 Applying truly what doth thence infer.

This man, whether of Wrath or Grace he preach,
 So skilfully doth handle ev'ry Word ;
 And by his Saying; doth the heart so reach,
 That it doth joy or sigh before the Lord. '

But some there be. which, as the Bruit, doth lie
 Under the Word, without the least advance
 God-ward : Such do despise the Ministry,
 They weep not at it, neither to it dance.

L X.

Upon Fly-blows.

THere is good Meat provided for man's Health.
 To this the Fleth fly comes, as twere by Stealth
 Bloweth thereon, and so *Be-maggots* it,
 As that it is, tho' wholesome, quite unfit
 For queazy Stomachs, they must pass it by :
 Now is not this a prejudicial Fly?

Comparison.

Let this good Meat, good Doctrine signify,
 And call him which reproaches it, this Fly.
 For as this Flesh-fly blows this wholsome meat,
 That it the queazy Stomach cannot eat:
 So they which do good Doctrine scandalize,
 Present it unto some in such Disguize;
 That they cannot accept, nor with it close,
 But slight it, and themselves to Death expose.
 Reproach it then, thou art a mauling Club,
 This Fly, yea, and the Son of *Belzebub*.

LXI.

Of Man by Nature

FROM God he's a Back slider,
 Of Ways, he loves the wider;
 With Wickedness a Sider,
 More Venom than a Spider.
 In Sin he's a Consider,
 A Make-bate, and Divider;
 Blind Reason is his Guider,
 The Devil is his Rider.

LXII.

Of Physick:

Purging Physick, taken to heat or cool,
 Worketh by Vomit, Urine, Sweat or Stool;
 But if it worketh not, then we do fear
 The danger's great, the Person's Death is near.
 If more be added, and it worketh not;
 And more, and yet the same's the Patients Lot.
 All hope of Life from Standers-by is fled,
 The Party sick is counted now as dead.

Comparison.

Count ye the Sick, one that's not yet converted,
 Impenitent, Incredulous, Hard hearted:
 In whom vile Sin is so predominant,
 And the Soul in it's Acts so conversant;
 That like one with Diseases over-run,
 This man with it at present is undone.

Now let the Physick be the Holy Word,
 (The Blessed Doctrine of our Dearest Lord.)
 And let the Doses to the Patient given
 Be, by Directions of the God of Heaven.
 Convincing Sermons, sharp and sound Rebukes,
 Let them be Beggars, Knights, Lords, Earls or Dukes:
 You must not spare them, Life doth lie at Stake,
 And dye they will, if Physick they don't take.

If these do finely work, then let them have
 Directions unto him that can them save.
 Lay open then the Riches of his Grace,
 And Merits of his Blood before their Face.
 Shew them likewise, how free he is to give
 His Justice unto them, that they may live.
 If they will doubt, and not your Word believe,
 Shew them, at present they have a Reprieve;
 On purpose they might out their Pardon sue,
 And have the Glory of it in their view.

Instances of this Goodness set before,
 Their Eyes, that they this Mercy may adore.
 And if this Physick taken worketh well,
 Fear not a Cure, you save a Soul from Hell..

But if these Doses do not kindly work,
 If the Disease still in their Mind doth lurk :
 If they instead of throwing up their Vice,
 Do vomit up the Word, loath Paradise :
 Repeat the Potion, them new Doses give,
 Which are much stronger, perhaps they may live :
 But if they serve these as they serv'd the rest,
 And thou perceiv'st it is not to them Blest :
 If they remain incorrigible still,
 And will the Number of their Sins fulfill ;
 The Holy Text doth say that they must dye ;
 Yea, and be damned without Remedy.

LXIII.

Upon a Pair of Spectacles.

Spectacles are for Sight, and not for Shew,
 Necessity doth Spectacles commend ;
 was't not for need, there is but very few,
 That would for wearing Spectacles contend.

We use to count them very dark indeed,
 Whose Eyes so dim are, that they cannot be
 Helped by Spectacles ; such men have need
 A Miracle be wrought to make them see.

Comparison.

Compare Spectacles to God's Ordinances,
 For they present us with his Heav'nly Things ;
 Which else we could not see for hinderances,
 That from our dark and foolish Nature springs.

If this be so, what shall we say of them,
 Who at God's Ordinances scoff and jeer ?
 They do those Blessed Spectacles condemn,
 By which Divine Things are made to appear.

LXIV.

Upon our being so afraid of small Creatures.

Man by Creation was made Lord of all,
 But now he is become an Underling ;
 He thought he should a gained by his Fall,
 But lost his Head-ship over ev'ry thing.

What ! What ! A humane Creature and afraid
 Of Frogs, Dogs, Cats, Rats, Mice, or such like Crea-
 This fear of thine has fully thee betraid, ture?
 Thou art Back-slid from God, to him a Traytor.
 How by his Fall is stately Man decay'd ?
 Nor is it in his hand now to renew him,
 Of things dismaid, at him, he is afraid ;
 Worms, Lice, Flies, Mice ; Yea Vanities subdue him.

LX V.

Upon our being afraid of the Apparition of Evil Spirits.

Some fear more the Appearance of the Devil,
 Than the Commission of the greatest Evil.
 They start, they tremble, if they think he's near,
 But can't be pleas'd unless Sin appear.
 These Birds, the Fowler's Presence doth afright,
 To be among his Lime -twigs, they delight.
 But, just men who have with the Devil bin.
 Have been more safe, than some in Heav'n with Sin.

LX VI.

Upon the Disobedient Child.

C Hildren become, while little, our delights,
 When they grow bigger, they begin to fright's
 Their sinful Nature prompts them to rebel,
 And to delight in Paths that lead to Hell.

Their

Their Parents Love, and Care, they overlook,
 As if Relation had them quite forsook.
 They take the Counsels of the Wanton's rather,
 Than the most grave Instructions of a Father.
 They reckon Parents ought to do for them,
 Tho' they the Fifth Commandment contemn.
 They snap, and snarl, if Parents them controul,
 Tho' but in things, most hurtful to the Soul.
 They reckon they are Masters, and that we,
 Who Parents are, should to them Subject be!
 If Parents fain would have a hand in chusing,
 The Children have a heart will in refusing.
 They'll by wrong doings, under Parents, gather
 And say, it is no Sin to rob a Father,
 They'll jostle Parents out of place and Pow'r,
 They'll make themselves the Head, and them devout.
 How many Children, by becoming Head,
 Have brought their Parents to a peice of Bread.
 Thus they who at the first were Parents Joy,
 Turn that to Bitterness, themselves destroy.

But Wretched Child, how canst thou thus requite
 Thy Aged Parents, for that great delight
 They took in thee, when thou, as helpless lay
 In their Indulgent Bosoms day by day?
 Thy Mother, long before she brought thee forth,
 Took care thou should'st want, neither Food, nor
 Thy Father glad was at his very heart, (Cloth.
 Had he, to thee, a Portion to impart.
 Comfort they promised themselves in thee,
 But thou, it seems, to them a Grief will't be.

How

How oft / How willingly brake they their Sleep,
 If thou, their Bantling, didst but whinch or weep.
 Their Love to thee was such, they could have giv'n,
 That thou might'st live, almost, their part of Heav'n.

But now, behold, how they rewarded are!
 For their Indulgent Love, and tender Care,
 All is forgot, this Love he doth despise,
 They brought this Bird up to pick out their Eyes.

LXVII.

Upon the Boy on his Hobby-horse.

Look how he swaggers, cocks his Hat, and rides,
 How on his Hobby-horse, himself he prides:
 He looketh grim, and up his Head doth toss,
 Says he'll ride over's with his Hobby-horse.

Comparison.

Some we see mounted upon the *Conceit*
 That their Wit, Wealth, or Beauty is so great:
 But few their Equals may with them compare,
 Who yet more Godly, Wise, and Honest are.
 Behold how *huff*, how big they look; how high
 They lift their heads, as if they'd touch the Skie:
 Nor will they count these things, for Christ, a loss
 So long as they do ride *this* Hobby-horse.

How

LXVIII

L X V I I I

Upon the Image in the Eye.

V Ho looks upon another stedfastly,
 Shall forthwith have his Image in his eye.
 Dost thou believe in Jesus? (Hast that Art?)
 Thy Faith will place his Image in thy heart.

L X I X.

Upon the Weather cock.

B Rave, Weather-cock, I see thou'lt set thy Nose,
 Against the Wind, which way so 'ere it blows:
 So let a Christian in any wise,
 Face it with Antichrist in each disguise.

L X X.

Upon a Sheet of white Paper:

T His subject is unto the foulest Pen,
 Or fairest, handled by the Sons of Men.
 Twill also shew what is upon it writ,
 Be it wisely, or non-sence, for want of wit.
 Each blot, and blur, it also will expose,
 To thy next Readers, be they Friends, or Foes.

Comparison;

Comparison.

Some Souls are like unto this Blank or Sheet,
 (Tho not in Whiteness:) the next man they meet;
 If wise, or Fool, debauched, or Deluder,
 Or what you will, the dangerous Intruder
 May write thereon, to cause that man to err,
 In Doctrine, or in Life, with blot and blur.

Nor will that Soul conceal from who observes,
 But shew how foul it is, wherein it swerves:
 A reading man may know who was the Writer,
 And by the Hellish Non-sence, the Inditer.

L X X I.

Upon the Boy dall at his Book.

SOME Boys have Wit enough to sport and play,
 Who at their Books are Block-heads day by day.
 Some men are arch enough at any Vice,
 But Dunces in the way to Paradise,

L X X I I.

Upon Time and Eternity.

ETernity is like unto a Ring.
 Time, like to Measure, doth it self extend;

Measure

Measure commences, is a finite thing.
The Ring has no beginning, middle, end.

LXXIII.

Upon Fire.

WHo falls into the Fire shall burn with heat ;
While those remote scorn from it to retreat.
Yea while those in it, cry out, oh ! I burn.
Some farther off those crys to Laughter turn.

Comparison.

While some tormented are in Hell for sin ;
On Earth some greatly do delight therein.
Yea while some make it eccho with their Cry,
Others count it a Fable and a Lye.

LXXIV..

Of Beauty.

BEauty, at best is but as fading Flow'rs,
Bright now, anon with darksome Clouds it low'rs.
'Tis but skin-deep, and therefore must decay;
Times blowing on it sends it quite away.
Then why should it be, as it is, admired,
By one and to'ther, and so much desired.
Things flitting we should moderately use,
Or we by them our selves shall much abuse.

T H E

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Correspondence.

BUNYAN'S "BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir.—A discovery of considerable interest to all lovers of Bunyan and his writings calls for some record in your widely read columns. The bibliographical interest of the discovery is perhaps enhanced by reason of the discussion on the recent sale of a first edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

There is in the British Museum what has hitherto been regarded as the only extant copy of a small volume entitled "A Book for Boys and Girls, or Country Rhimes for Children," by J. B., 1686. It was acquired by the Museum in 1890, though long years of diligent search had failed to reveal a copy to George Offor, the editor of the complete edition of Bunyan's Works published in 1862. The interesting history of the Museum copy need not be recalled; for it is told in an introduction by the Rev. John Brown to a facsimile reprint—so-called, though it cannot be relied on owing to photographic defects—published by Elliot Stock in 1890. The book, as indeed the discreetly attractive title conveys, is a collection of "homely rhimes" on familiar objects—"Upon the Swallow," "Of the Fly at the Candle," "Upon the whipping of a Top," "Upon a Boy dull at his Book," and so forth—intermingled, in the manner of the pill concealed within the jam, with verses of a wholly moral or religious character. As befits their purpose, the poems are for the most part in a simple sort of doggerel verse, the similes or emblems being treated with a picturesque directness characteristic of the great allegorist in his more familiar prose writings. But that Bunyan could, had he been so minded, have used those "higher strains" to which he refers in a prefatory poem, is evinced in the charming song—prefixed by six bars of music—on a "Child with the Bird at the Bush." It deserves

quotation, for even the reprints are now scarce—indeed, next to the unique Second Edition, 1701, in the Bodleian, the earliest known edition (vide Stock's Reprint) is that of the ninth, which appeared in 1724 in abbreviated form and under the new title of "Divine Emblems : or Temporal Things Spiritualized."

My little Bird, how canst thou sit ;
And sing amidst so many Thorns !
Let me but hold upon thee get ;
My Love with Honour thee adorns.

* * * *

'Tis true, it is Sun-shine to day,
To morrow Birds will have a Storm ;
My pretty one, come thou away,
My Bosom then shall keep thee warm.

Thou subject art to cold o' nights,
When darkness is thy covering,
At day's thy dangers great by Kites,
How canst thou then sit there and sing ?

* * * *

I'll feed thee with white Bread and Milk,
And sugar-plumbs, if them thou crave ;
I'll cover thee with finest Silk,
That from the cold I may thee save.

My Father's Palace shall be thine,
Yea in it thou shalt sit and sing ;
My little Bird, if thou'lt be mine,
The whole year round shall be thy Spring.

I'll teach thee all the Notes at Court ;
Unthought of Musick thou shalt play ;
And all that thither do resort,
Shall praise thee for it ev'ry day.

* * * *

But lo, behold, the Bird is gone ;
These Charmings would not make her yield ;
The Child's left at the Bush alone,
The Bird flies yonder o'er the Field.

Another copy of the First Edition has now been recovered. It is perfect (save for one slightly defective leaf) and is in a fair state of preservation; but it differs in some minor typographical details from the example in the British Museum. For instance on page 31 the latter copy has the correct catch-word XXIV., whereas in the present copy this is misprinted XVIII. Again the page number (33) is upside down in the newly discovered copy, but is in order in the example at the Museum, though on the other hand, in the latter the catch-word I is omitted on the third page of the prefatory poem, whereas it appears in the present copy. While in all other respects the two copies appear

to be identical, it may, perhaps be held that the copy now recorded was printed off earlier than the one in the Museum. Even so it seems unwise, either in this or in countless similar cases, to assert that it is therefore a different "issue"—a term too often used in a doubtful not to say inaccurate sense. But there seems no objection to calling it, for what it is worth, a different "variant," an alternative which, though not wholly satisfactory, is in such cases less liable to misuse than "issue." It is, moreover, not a little remarkable that a careful collation of the only two known copies of this seventeenth-century book should reveal typographical differences, thus supporting the growing appreciation of the fact that such variations may be frequently found (when looked for), and are not in themselves adequate criteria for determining the question of "issue," if, indeed, it arises at all.

In any case it seems reasonable to hold that, when the book in question is offered by auction next month as an unquestionable first edition, any would-be purchaser should be expected to make up his mind before the sale as to the significance (if any) of the variations from the Museum copy.

Yours faithfully,

J. E. HODGSON.

115, Chancery-lane.



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